LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

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GREAT NAVAL RAID.

BRITISH FLEET SINKS GERMAN DESTROYERS OFF HOLLAND.

A flotilla of British destroyers sinks four German destroyers off the Coast of Holland.

The British destroyers belong to the "L" flotilla, which has already distinguished itself in action in the North Sea at the Bight of Heligoland.

The flotilla was headed by the Clyde-built light cruiser Undaunted, commanded by Captain Cecil H. Fox, who was in charge of the cruiser Amphion, sunk by a mine.

Two of the destroyers engaged are Clyde-built vessels, while the navigating officer of another of the destroyers is a son of Sheriff Boyd, Glasgow. One British officer and four men were wounded. There are thirty-one survivors prisoners of war.

Mr Churchill issues a statement explaining why the Naval Division was sent to take part in the defence of Antwerp. They were chosen, he says, because the need for them was urgent and bitter, because mobile troops could not be spared for fortress duties, because they were the nearest, and could be embarked quickest, and because their training, although incomplete, was as far advanced as that of a large portion, not only of the forces defending Antwerp, but of the enemy's forces attacking. The Naval Division only withdrew when ordered to do so, in obedience to the general strategetic situation, and not on account of any attack or pressure of the enemy.

Relative calm prevails on the Allies' left wing in the North of France, and no change is announced in the Ypre region. In the St Mihiel district the Allies have continued to gain ground.

In Eastern Prussia, along the Middle Vistula, the Austro-German armies have been reduced to the defensive. To the south of Przemysl the Russians have taken five hundred prisoners. Przemysl is again reported to have fallen.

A diary found on a German officer on a recent battlefield reveals the desperate plight of the German Army in France. The losses in the German regiments, the diarist states, are enormous, some regiments having lost all their officers.

It is asserted that the garrison of Antwerp is still defending the forts on the Scheldt.

A Berlin report says a British aeroplane has been brought down at Peronna by German artillery.

A Grimsby trawler has been sunk by a mine in the North Sea, and the entire crew lost.

Major-General H. I. W. Hamilton is reported killed. He was six times mentioned in despatches, and was military secretary to Lord Kitchener in the South African campaign and in India.

It is reported that the Edinburgh military authorities have raided a large factory owned by Germans, and that heavy concrete foundations were located. The factory is stated to dominate the Forth Bridge and Rosyth Naval Base, while it is also rumoured that a secret wireless installation was discovered.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH BATTALIONS

Are Formed at Newcastle.

An enthusiastic meeting of Irishmen was held last night in Newcastle Town Hall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, Councillor Johnstone Wallace (himself an Irishman), when it was decided to form an Irish battalion on Tyneside for Lord Kitchener's Army.

A great many young Irishmen have already enlisted with the colours from the Newcastle district, but no doubt was felt that a battalion can be speedily raised.

A public meeting was also held in the same building, at which it was resolved to form a Tyneside Scottish battalion.

BRITISH AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Berlin newspaper Der Tag learns from Personna that a British aeroplane has been brought down there by German artillery.—Reuter.

ALLIES PUSH AHEAD

AND GAIN SOME GROUND.

AUSTRO-GERMAN ARMIES ON DEFENSIVE.

Paris, Saturday.

The communique issued this afternoon says that the German troops occupying Western Belgium have not passed the line Ostend-Thorout-Roulers-Menin.

Relative calm prevails along the greater part of the front.

On our left wing no change has occurred in the Ypres region.

On the right bank of the Lys the Allied troops have occupied Fleurbiax, as well as ground in the immediate approaches to Armentieres.

In the region of Arras, and in that of St Mihiel, we have continued to gain some ground.

No notable change has occurred on the Eastern Prussia front. Along the Middle Vistula the Austro-German armies have been placed on the defensive.

Along the whole front, to the south of Przemysl, fighting continues, and the Russians have captured 500 prisoners.—P.A. War Special.

Bordeaux, Saturday.

A telegram states that the Schiucht Pass in Alsace continues in the French possession as well as the valleys debouching from Thann and Schlucht districts. No fighting has occurred for a week.

EARLY VICTORY FOR ALLIES PREDICTED.

The steady move to the North of the armies is regarded at Bordeaux as presaging an early victory for the Allies

A leading member of the Cabinet has just declared that the latest news from the front is excellent.

The impression is general that we are on the eve of the liberation of French soil from the invaders.

It is considered the enemy cannot long resist the pressure of the combined armies, and will be forced to weaken their centre, thus relieving Soissons and Rheims.

The Battle of the Aisne has apparently finished without result, and the main action has been transferred to the North.

The result must tend to endanger Von Kluck's Army and to bring about the retreat of the Crown Prince's Army, which is in jeopardy, more especially because snow is falling in the Ardennes.

ARRAS DEVASTATED.

Paris, Saturday.

An Arras telegram, dated 14th October, states that the town suffered terribly during the bombardment.

In addition to numerous buildings, such as the Civil Hospital, two Convents, and many buildings containing wounded, the Cathedral, Town Hall, and other buildings in the surrounding quarter, were completely devastated, and burnt from roof to basement, only the bare walls being left standing

The Campanile still remains, but in a sadly damaged condition.

The French, despite the German attack, are still in possession of all their positions.

Despatches from Hazebrouck state that the Germans first attempted to enter Lille with 3000 troops, but were repulsed by about 300 Chasseurs a Pied, and retired pursued by the Chasseurs. They withdrew to six miles from Lille.

Last Tuesday, however, the Germans returned with 30,000 men, and then repeated the operation with greater success.—P.A. War Special.

GERMANS IN GHENT.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

General Jung has been appointed commander of Ghent.

The garrison numbers 4000 men, but will be reduced to 2000.

The soldiers are not quartered in private houses, but in public buildings.

Alcohol must not be sold to soldiers, who have the strictest orders to be indoors at eight o'clock in the evening.

The town was compelled to produce hostages, who are permitted to stay at their own houses.

Germans seized the money at the Post Office and the town treasury. Schools are open, and the German authorities hope to reopen railway traffic between Brussels and Ghent shortly.

A biplane landed to-day on Dutch territory near Biervliet.

The pilot and passenger were of Belgian or French nationality, and were probably military persons. The biplane was marked MF 120, and was painted blue, white, and red.

Colonel Von Reuter, commander of the Prince Karl Von Preussen regiment of infantry, who commanded at Zabern at the time of the notorious incidents, has been decorated with the Iron Cross of first class.

ANTWERP GARRISON STILL HOLDS OUT

Is Statement of Belgian Ministers.

Paris, Saturday.

The Temps last evening published a report of an interview which its special correspondent had with two Belgian Ministers at Havre, in the course of which the latter said—

We assert that the garrison of Antwerp has not abandoned the town, but is still defending the forts on the Schuldt under General De Guise.

It is the field army which has left the city not in disorder as German telegrams say, but as a united and well-officered army, whose presence the necessities of the struggle require elsewhere. It was not a flight, not even a retreat—it was an operation.

The Ministers added that the besiegers suffered enormous losses, and that the only war material they found in the town were two old howitzers, dating back to 1864, and twelve guns that had been rendered useless.—P.A. War Special.

ANTWERP HAS TO SUPPORT 15,000 GERMANS.

The German Government of Antwerp has decided to forego the huge indemnity imposed on Antwerp in favour of the demand that the city shall support the 15,000 soldiers left as an occupying force. People in Antwerp are now allowed to lock their doors, but must keep lights burning in their halls.

CANADIAN TROOPS' GREAT WELCOME.

Plymouth, Saturday.

All through the night the Canadian troops disembarked from the transports at Plymouth, and left by train. The streets were thronged with people, and the soldiers were enthusiastically cheered.

Many men were upon the platforms, and distributed cigarettes and tokens, the gifts proving very welcome.

The official address of the troops is—"Canadian Contingent, Salisbury Plain."

(This message has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of statement.)

BRITISH "MYSTERY SHIPS" GREAT COUP.

FOUR GERMAN DESTROYERS SUNK IN NORTH SEA FIGHT.

FIRST LORD'S DEFENCE OF NAVAL VOLUNTEERS' DASH TO ANTWERP.

The new light cruiser Undaunted (Capt. Cecil H. Fox), accompanied by the destroyers Lance (Commander W. de M. Egerton), Lennox (Lieut.-Commander C. R. Daux), Legion (Lieut. Commander C. F. Alsep), and Loyal Lieut.-Commander F. Burges Watson), engaged four German destroyers off the Dutch coast this afternoon.

All the enemy's destroyers were sunk.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that the British losses in the action were one officer and four men wounded.

The damage to the British destroyer was slight.

There are thirty-one survivors prisoners of war.

The above announcement by the Secretary to the Admiralty was issued by the Press Bureau last night.

A GREAT FIGHTING FLOTILLA.

CLYDE-BUILT CRUISERS' DEADLY WORK.

Commander Saved From Sinking Amphion.

The account of the successful sea engagement off the Dutch coast illustrates in striking fashion the successful work of the L flotilla of torpedo destroyers.

The flotilla in the evening despatch came into prominence by its smart work which disposed of the German mine-layer, Koenigin Luise.

Capt. Cecil H. Fox, the commander of the Undaunted, is the officer who was in command of the cruiser Amphion, which, it will be remembered, sank after striking a mine in the North Sea.

The Amphion had taken part in the sinking of the German mine-layer, and shortly afterwards struck a mine and foundered, with the loss of 131 lives.

Capt. Fox displayed marked heroism in the tragic circumstances, and every man saved spoke in terms of the highest praise of their gallant commander. Very soon after he had reached shore the Captain was informed of his appointment to the command of the Undaunted.

Smallest, Cheapest, Fastest Ships Afloat.

The Undaunted was built at the Fairfield Yard, Govan, and belongs to a type now known as destroyers of destroyers.

For various reasons her career will be watched with the greatest interest, and particularly by the people of Clydeside.

Of the class to which the Undaunted belongs much is expected, and it will be remembered that the name ship of the class, the Arethusa, gave striking proof of her qualities in the action in the Bight of Heligoland immediately after she was placed in commission.

The functions of light armoured cruisers of this class have been most effectively described in Parliament by the First Lord himself. These vessels will, he remarked, be "the smallest, cheapest, and fastest vessels, protected by vertical armour, ever projected for the British Navy.

"They are designed for attendance on the battle fleet. They are designed to be its eyes and ears by night and day, to watch over it in movement and at rest. They will be strong enough and fast enough to overhaul and cut down any torpedo-boat destroyer afloat; and generally they will be available for the purposes of observation and reconnaissance."

OIL FUEL-FED SHIPS.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

London, Saturday.

The Undaunted belongs to the same class as the Arethusa, which distinguished herself in the Bight of Heligoland. There are eight armoured vessels of her class included in the 1914 programme.

They displace 3600 tons, are 410 feet long, and have turbines of 37,000 horse power, giving a speed of thirty knots. The armament consists of two six-inch, six four-inch, and four machine guns, with four torpedo tubes.

There is a belt of three-inch armour amidships, with three-inch plating above, while the boilers are fed entirely by oil fuel, of which about 750 tons are carried. The vessel carries 270 officers and men. The cost of the class has not yet been made public.

The Lennox and the rest of the vessels in the engagement are among the very latest of our destroyers. They were launched in 1913, and though the designed speed is twenty-nine knots, this was exceeded on the trial. They consume oil fuel only, and each carries 100 officers and men.

GLASGOW OFFICER'S LATEST SUCCESS IN BATTLE.

Glasgow has a special interest in the success of the destroyer flotilla. Not only are a number of the destroyers engaged the product of Clyde yards, but the navigating officer of the Lance is Lieutenant John Gordon Boyd, a son of Sheriff Boyd, Glasgow.

He was gazetted first lieutenant in February, 1910, and had just finished a three years' commission in Chinese waters as navigating officer, and was on leave, when the present war broke out. Lieutenant Boyd was hurriedly summoned to join the Lance.

The Lance was one of the newest vessels put into commissron.

Two of the destroyers are Clyde-built vessels, the Lennox having been built at the Dalmuir Yard of the Beardmore Company, while the Loyal was built by Denny, Dumbarton.

All these destroyers are of about 965 tons gross.

The mine-layer Koenigin Luise was in the beginning of August encountered by the flotilla, which at once went into action, the Lark and the Linnet leading. The Lance, which has again distinguished herself, got in the final shot on that occasion, and sunk the Koenigin Luise.

Ships of the now famous L flotilla of destroyers took part in the memorable raid into the Bight of Heligoland when a number of German cruisers and destroyers were sunk.

RUSSIA'S BIG CAPTURES.

TRAIN LOADS OF MEN AND SUPPLIES.

GERMAN BLUNDER IN WARSAW ADVANCE.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Russians have opened the attack along the entire line, and with special energy on the south, where their cavalry have captured a succession of Austrian detachments who became bewildered in trying to answer the demands made upon them.

Trains with reinforcements and supplies from Hungary were also captured.

The War Office here regards the position as very satisfactory, and the knowledge of the strength of the actual forces face to face along the entire 260-mile front leaves the Russians entirely undismayed.

The Austro-German hosts now amount to about thirty army corps. It is known that nearly the entire elite of the German army is still in France.

Germans' Blunder.

Russia now has [illegible] over sixty [illegible] which [illegible] simplified by the enemy's desperate expedient of assailing Warsaw by forced marches.

The order was given for this disastrous stroke when a new method had to be devised after the failure of the northern attack from East Prussia on the Niemen and the collapse of Austria before their assigned task of holding up the Russian base at Brest, Litovsk.

The only German troops of the First Line in East Prussia now are the First, Twentieth, and part of the Stettin corps.

According to travellers from Warsaw the Germans lost during their retreat 42 guns intended for the siege of Warsaw.

A poor opinion is expressed of Germany's so-called Silesian army, which was intended to stiffen the recent advance from Kalish, but failed to withstand the attack, and melted behind its own retreating cavalry.

GALICIAN FORTRESS AGAIN REPORTED

To Have Fallen.

Rome, Saturday.

Following the refusal of the Austrian Commander to surrender the fortress of Przemysl, the Russian bombardment was intensified. It is now reported that Przemysl has fallen, but confirmation is lacking.

AUSTRIAN PRISONERS' PITIABLE PLIGHT.

Petrograd, Friday.

Appearances are often deceptive, but it looks as if the high Russian command had decided to play a waiting game. Otherwise they would not give Germany time to entrench, and thereby prolong the whole course of the operations.

Reliable information shows that the Germans seriously contemplate wintering in Poland. They are endeavouring to assemble as many horses as possible, and even the poorest specimens are requisitioned from the peasants, who have already risen at many points.

Regardless of the most terrible reprisals, they are joining Guerilla bands and attacking the invaders.

The railway near Radomsk has been wrecked and train loads of German soldiers killed.

All roads from the frontier to the Vistula are encumbered with German transport waggons and dead horses. The roads are impassable owing to rain.

Austrian prisoners mentioned in the official communique bore the most pitiable appearance. They were starved, and praying for the end of the war.

The Austrian batteries are underhorsed, the animals being sorry jades, and they are scarcely able to move.—Times.

BATTLE AT MOUTH OF RIVER SAN.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

An official communique of yesterday's date issued in Vienna says the battle along the whole front from Stary and Sambor as far as the mouth of the San continued yesterday.

In Marmaros the enemy was pursued by our detachment who occupied Paho in the valley of Bystrzyca. The Russians are retiring. Our troops routed them as far as Zielona.

10,000 CHOLERA CASES IN HUNGARY.

Rome, Friday.

A telegram from the frontier published in the Giornale N'Italia says the outbreak of cholera in Austria is assuming terrible proportions. In one town in Hungary alone there are 10,000 cases.

The disease has appeared in nearly every Austro-Hungarian Army Corps.—Central News.

AUSTRIAN ATTACKS REPULSED.

Violent Battles With Servians.

The military situation on the Servian and Montenegrin battlefields continues very satisfactory.

Up to the present in every case the Austrian attacks have been energetically repulsed. The enemy have suffered heavy losses.

In Sirmium the Austrians have bombarded and destroyed villages, killing many people, and thousands of refugees, in great destitution, are flying before the Hungarian troops.

The Austrians intended to do in Servia what Germany had done in Belgium, but in a series of violent battles great masses of the enemy have been practically annihilated.

The whole Austrian plan of campaign against Servia has up to the present moment proved a failure.

TRADE OF ADRIATIC PARALYSED BY MINES.

Rome, Saturday.

News from different parts in the Adriatic states that the presence of Austrian mines is having the effect of completely paralysing trade and navigation.

The fishing industry is also at a standstill. This practically means starvation for a large part of the population on the shores of the Adriatic.—Reuter.

RAID BY EDINBURGH MILITARY.

REPORTED DISCOVERY OF "WIRELESS."

FORTH BRIDGE IN DANGER LINE.

An Edinburgh correspondent, telegraphing last night, says:—

A large factory owned by Germans was raided to-night by the Edinburgh military authorities.

The factory, of imposing appearance, was built some years ago. It is a large building, and although capable of accommodating 500 hands, never more than six workmen were seen, all Germans.

It transpires that £30,000 was spent on magnificent concrete foundations, the proprietors explaining that enormously heavy machinery would be required for the factory. The machinery never arrived. The factory never started, and no workers ever came.

The situation dominates Edinburgh, and from the position big guns could hit Rosyth and the Forth Bridge.

The military are in possession, and it is rumoured that a secret wireless installation has been discovered.

GERMAN WAR PRISONER KILLED

WHEN MOTOR LORRY SKIDS ON NARROW ROAD.

Frinley, Saturday.

One of the German soldiers at Frinley Camp has been killed as a result of an accident on the Blackdown Road.

The man, whose name is Joseph Gilles, was one of a party of about fifteen prisoners who were being conveyed in a motor lorry to unload timber. At a narrow part of the road the lorry skidded, and Gilles' head caught against a lamp standard at the side of the road.

Gilles was taken to Deepcut Hospital, where he died almost immediately after his arrival.

Gilles was a private of the 53d Infantry Regiment, and leaves a widow and three children.

At an inquest this afternoon on Private Gilles a verdict of accidental death was returned, and the driver of the lorry exonerated from blame.

It was stated that Gilles was very popular with his fellow-prisoners, who are raising a subscription for his widow and family.

LAST SHIP FROM OSTEND.

LADY'S YACHT'S WILD NIGHT AT SEA WITH REFUGEES.

Folkestone, Saturday Night.

Seven hundred passengers, including many refugees, arrived at Folkestone this afternoon.

Heartrending tales were told by the unfortunate exiles of their tramp from Ostend to Calais, many of them sleeping in the open, and some in the stables of farmhouses.

All were weary and distressed, especially the women and children.

The Grace Darling, the steam yacht of Miss Borthwick, niece of the late Lord Glenesk, arrived at Folkestone Harbour with more refugees this morning. She was the last boat to leave Ostend.

Off Folkestone the little craft had lost her anchor, and while she lay off the port during the night in a gale of wind the frightened people suffered terribly from sea sickness.

Fully 800 refugees have landed from the Flushing boat. The last refugees landed are in a really deplorable condition. They were well fed before leaving for London by train.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS ONE HALFPENNY.

ATTEMPTS ARE BEING MADE TO CHARGE ONE PENNY.

REFUSE AT ONCE TO PAY THE PENNY, AND INSIST ON THE PAPER BEING SUPPLIED AT THE PROPER PRICE.

READERS WILL OBLIGE BY SENDING TO THE PUBLISHERS THE NAME OF ANY AGENT WHO ATTEMPTS THE OVERCHARGE.

"A GRAVE FOR US ALL HERE."

OFFICER'S DIARY FOUND ON BATTLEFIELD.

REVELATIONS OF GERMAN ARMY'S FLIGHT.

A soldier's plain, unvarnished story of the fighting from a German point of view is told in a communication issued yesterday by the Press Bureau.

The story reveals incidentally the heavy losses the Germans have sustained and the desperate straits in which the Kaiser's Armies found themselves. It is compiled from entries in a diary found on a German officer on a recent battlefield.

August 9—I hear our losses in the assault on Liege were something like 800 men.

August 15—We marched westward in the direction of Mont Le Bau. In the afternoon I had a look at a little chateau belonging to one of the King's secretaries (not at home).

Shot a Whole Lot of Spies.

Our men had behaved like regular vandals. They had looted the cellar first, and then had turned their attention to the bedrooms and thrown things about all over the place. They had even made fruitless efforts to smash the safe open. Everything was topsy turvy, magnificent furniture, silk, and even china.

Things will happen when men are allowed to requisition for themselves. I am sure they must have taken away heaps of useless stuff simply for the pleasure of looting.

August 20.—We marched to Acheve. The men are not accustomed to long marches yet. I shouldn't like to take them under fire, even after twelve miles.

August 23.—Night alarm. A house was on fire, probably to disclose our position to the enemy. A spy was caught and shot. We marched to Lisogne, but after passing Dorinne the column went astray. We had to return in our tracks. Our men came back and said that at the point where the valley joined the Meuse we could not get on any further, as the villagers were shooting at us from every house. We shot a whole lot of them. They were drawn up in three ranks. The same shot did for three at a time.

Two six-inch howitzers succeeded in getting into position, and in twenty shots reduced the village of Bouvines to ruins. The inhabitants might have escaped penalty by handing over guilty and paying 15,000 francs.

Sneaking Way of Fighting.

Losses in our regiment were thirty killed and many wounded, caused chiefly by villagers, who shot at us from houses.

The men were absolutely mad at this sneaking way of fighting. They wanted to burn everything, and they succeeded, too, in setting light to several houses.

In the afternoon our artillery fairly sprinkled the principal buildings with incendiary shells. It was a marvellous sight, the high ground from Dinant to Leppe (?) overlooking the Meuse being all in flames. Every building was burning. The reflection of the fire made the waters of the Meuse run red as blood. The division crossed the Meuse.

Village Set on Fire.

August 26—[illegible] Malvoisin we came to Villers, in Ragno. The inhabitants had warned the French of our arrival by signal from the church tower, so in the evening we set fire to the village. A priest and some of the inhabitants were shot. Couvin had been partially looted. The division took drastic steps to stop villages being burnt and inhabitants shot. At Leppe apparently, two hundred men were shot. There must have been some innocent men among them.

August 28—We heard a squadron of Hussars had been almost annihilated by the enemy's infantry in front of the village.

"A Shocking Mess."

Aug. 29.—Off at 3 a.m. the other side of Dommery. We came on a wood where a hellish fire stopped us. The whole edge of the wood was one line of fire. There was a panic. Everybody gave orders, and nobody thought of telling us to lie down. There was a shocking mess. At last a captain managed to get a few men together to form a firing line. We were being shot at by friend and foe. Next day our own artillery opened fire on us. We marched to Villers le Tourneur. All villages in the neighbourhood were blazing, as our artillery had set them on fire to protect us from attacks.

Enormous Losses.

Entries during the next few days describe advances, and entries declare the looting and damage amounted to millions of marks. The Marne Canal was crossed on Sept. 6. In one wood it simply rained bullets, and it was found they were on the enemy's practice range.

They discovered an order from General Joffre to the Commander of the Second French Corps, telling him to hold the position at all costs, and saying it was the last card.

The diarist remarks, "It was probably the best one, too."

Our losses, the diarist continues, were enormous. The 178th Regiment alone had 1700 men wounded, besides those killed. It was hell itself. There were practically no officers left.

One word more about this artillery range. There were telephone wires everywhere. It is thought that French officers hidden in trees were telephoning our exact situation in the woods.

"This Country Will Give Us All a Grave."

Sept. 9.—We marched to Oeuvry. We received orders to withdraw. There was a rumour that the first army had some disastrous fighting. I am terribly depressed—everybody thinks the situation is critical. I think we advanced too quickly.

The entries from Sept. 16 to 21 speak of heavy fighting, attack, and counter-attack.

Sept. 20.—I am convinced that this country will give us all a grave. The 105th Regiment has had a furious fight with the English. I hear Saxony is finding a fresh army corps against Russia under the command of the War Minister, Von Karlmitz, and that's where we badly want reinforcements.

The last entry in the diary is as follows:—Sept. 25.—A furious artillery duel.

TRAWLER IS SUNK BY MINE,

AND ENTIRE CREW PERISH.

The Grimsby trawler Ajax has been sunk by a mine in the North Sea. The entire crew presumably being lost. The full list of victims is:—E. Grant (skipper), Cleathorpes; J. C. Coleman (second hand), London; J. W. Peltman (chief engineer), Hull; H. Bacon (second engineer), Grimsby; A. Grant (third hand), Cleethorpes; W. J. Selon, of Leicester, and F. Taylor, of Grimsby (deck hands); J. Potter (trimmer), Leicester; and T. Boyes (steward), Greenwich.

BUNKERS CLEAN—SPARS AS FUEL.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S SHIP HAS ROUGH VOYAGE.

Buenos Aires, Saturday.

The Endurance, the vessel of Sir Ernest Shackleton's British Antarctic Expedition, is coaling at Monte Video.

She had a bad voyage, head winds delaying her progress to such an extent that her coal was exhausted, and she was forced to burn some of her wood and spars to make port.

The entire staff of the expedition is here all well.

CHURCHILL EXPLAINS

WHY THE NAVAL DIVISION WAS SENT TO ANTWERP.

Official Statement.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that the First Lord has sent the following message to the Royal Naval Division on their return from Antwerp:—

The First Lord welcomes the Royal Naval Division home on its return from active service. Officers and men of all ranks and ratings have acquitted themselves admirably, and have thoroughly justified the confidence reposed in them. The loss of a portion of the First Brigade through a mistake in no way reflects upon the quality or character of the Division. The Brigade of Royal Marines throughout operations sustained fully by their firmness, discipline, and courage the tradition of the Corps. It is not necessary to say more than this. The Naval Brigades bore themselves admirably under the artillery fire of the enemy, and it is to be regretted that no opportunities of closer contact with his infantry were afforded them.

What Was Accomplished.

The despatch of the Naval Brigade to Antwerp has interrupted for a time the progress of their instructions and training.

They were chosen because the need for them was urgent and bitter;

Because mobile troops could not be spared for fortress duties;

Because they were the nearest, and could be embarked the quickest; and

Because their training, although incomplete, was as far advanced as that of a large portion not only of the forces defending Antwerp, but of the enemy's forces attacking.

The Naval Division was sent to Antwerp not as an isolated incident, but as part of a large operation for the relief of the city. Other and more powerful considerations prevented this from being carried through.

The defence of the inner lines of Antwerp could have been maintained for some days, and the Naval Division only withdrew when ordered to do so in obedience to the general strategetic situation, and not on account of any attack or pressure by the enemy.

The prolongation of the defence due to the arrival of the Division enabled the ships in the harbour to be rendered useless and many steps of importance to be taken.

It is too early now to judge what effect the delaying, even for five or six days, of at least 60,000 Germans before Antwerp may have had upon the fortunes of the general battles to the southward; it was certainly powerful and helpful.

An Inspiration.

Apart from the military experience, which has been invaluable, the Division have been the witnesses of the ruthlessness of the German foe towards a small and innocent State.

These facts should inspire all ranks to fit themselves in the shortest possible time for further service in the field, not merely as fortress, but as mobile units.

[illegible] that the men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines were with them in their darkest hour of misery, as place God they may also be with them when Belgium is restored to her own by the armies of the Allies.

WAR'S TOLL OF SCOTTISH FOOTBALLERS.

Good Players Who Have Gone Down in Battle.

The stuff of which heroes are made is plentiful in the realm of Rugby football.

Already the game has to mourn the loss in the war of some of its most brilliant exponents.

Of men who were up to International form nearly a dozen have already fallen at the front. Among the more distinguished of these may be mentioned Lieutenant J. L. Huggan, of the London Scottish, who played against England last year; Lieutenant R. F. Simson, who played against England in 1911; and Gaston Lane, the Frenchman, who had a record of something like fourteen Internationals to his credit.

Now we have to add to the list J. H. D. Watson, of Blackheath and London Hospital, who went down with the Hawke, to which ship he was attached as surgeon.

Watson was of Scots parentage, but as he was born in England he had an International qualification for England, for which he was chosen to play against Scotland and Wales last March. Watson was a brilliant wing three-quarter. In the game against Scotland at Twickenham in March Watson was particularly good. He was twenty-three years old.

BOXER'S BROTHER KILLED.

The mother of Bombardier Billy Wells, the British heavy-weight boxing champion, has been informed officially that her son Albert, one of her three sons at the front, has been killed in action.

NAVAL RESERVIST'S FALL FROM TRAIN.

Alfred Mould, a Royal Naval Reserve man, stationed at Devonport, fell out of a train as it was passing Dawlish coastguard station last night. He is not expected to recover. A little girl, noticing him lying on the line, dragged him to the footway as another train was due.

AUSTRIAN VERSION OF THE FIGHTING

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Budapest telegram via Berlin says the Russians were defeated near Rabo. The Russian force, the telegram adds, is now reduced to 4000 men, the last fragments of the great army which penetrated into Hungary. Small forces may still be in the forests, but the Austrians expect them to surrender when caught.

OFFICIAL LIST OF ANTWERP CASUALTIES.

British Marine casualties at Antwerp were 12 killed and 32 wounded.

BOARD OF TRADE WARNS

British Insurance Companies.

The Board of Trade have issued the following:—

It has been brought to the notice of the Board of Trade that British insurance companies have insured or re-insured goods shipped on neutral vessels against the risk of capture or detention by His Majesty's Government or Allied Governments.

The Board of Trade are advised that such contracts of insurance or re-insurance against the risk of capture or detention by Great Britain or her Allies are prohibited by the law of England, and they think it necessary to warn British insurance companies and underwriters against undertaking any such business

BRITISH FLEET IS PLAYING GREAT PART

IN STARVING GERMAN EMPIRE INTO SURRENDER.

NEUTRAL SHIPPING IS BEING FREELY USED TO HELP ENEMY.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE, THE WELL-KNOWN MILITARY EXPERT.

LONDON, SATURDAY MIDNIGHT.

It has been said that the line of battle in the West extends from Belfort in the South to Ostend in the North.

It might be stated with equal truth that the line of battle extends from the frontiers of Switzerland in the South to the islands of Orkney in the North, for it must not be forgotten that the British Navy is playing a vital part, and an integral part, in the campaign we are watching with such poignant interest. Proof of this is to be found in the success which has attended our fleet. A daring raid by one destroyer flotilla has ended in disaster for the German Navy. Four of their destroyers have been sunk, and that with small loss to the British Fleet.

There were faint hearts even in Sparta and Rome. People seem a little impatient at the slow operation of the economic pressure which our fleets were expected to exercise on the commercial and industrial life of Germany. As to this it is pertinent to point out that the war began at a moment when the harvests were ripening, and at a moment, therefore, when the internal resources of Germany might be said to stand at their maximum.

A Significant Change.

The present writer has had several opportunities since the war broke out of obtaining first-hand information of the economic conditions prevailing in Berlin. Hitherto it would appear that the conditions prevailing in the German capital have been very similar to the conditions prevailing in London itself. But during the past two or three weeks there has been a significant change.

Germany shows undeniable signs of feeling the pinch. Food prices are going up, and, despite the large number of people directly or indirectly engaged in military operations, unemployment is increasing at an alarming extent.

The note of buoyant confidence and enthusiasm has largely vanished. There is still a pathetic belief that the German Army will prove invincible. But, like the slow process of a lunar eclipse, these bright anticipations are being clouded by fear that the German Empire will be starved into surrender.

A War of Exhaustion.

It is idle, therefore, to imagine that the navy is not doing its work. Lord Kitchener, with prophetic insight, was the first to describe this as a war of exhaustion, and in that process of exhaustion Admiral Jellicoe's fleets, splendidly supported as they are by the French Navy, are playing a part the greatness of which perhaps can best be measured by its silence.

It is nevertheless a fact that many people are asking whether we are reaping all the advantages to which we are entitled by the supremacy we have established on the seas. This is a point which is at this moment receiving the earnest consideration of His Majesty's Government. The naval losses which we have sustained may not have been serious, but they have resulted in a lamentable loss of valuable lives. The activity of German submarines at the entrance to the Gulf of Finland has led the Russian Government to adopt mine-laying in those waters for defensive purposes, and it is not unlikely that similar measures may be forced upon this country in the immediate future.

Neutral Shipping Helping Enemy.

The inconvenience this would cause to neutral shipping would be very serious. But there are clear indications that the neutral shipping in the North Sea is being freely used to further the ends of the enemy. It is only necessary to study the Board of Trade returns to ascertain at a glance the huge volume of German trade now being conducted through the neutral countries of Holland and Denmark.

The fate which has overtaken the Hawke shows how perilous is the patrol work upon which many of our older class of cruisers are engaged. The tremendous risks which our seamen run are in danger of being rendered nugatory through our refusing to take advantage of the powers that are ready to our hands.

The Campaign in the West.

It was stated in this column last week that the tide of battle in France had flowed away from the banks of the Aisne, and that the next great trial of strength was to be expected in Flanders. That great struggle is now impending, if it has not already commenced. One of the secondary objects of the German investment of Antwerp was to open the road for an advance to the south-west. That advance has penetrated as far as Ostend. But the Germans themselves must now have abandoned the hope of enveloping the Allied left wing, somewhere to the west of Lille. We know from the official reports that the Allied lines now extend right up to the North Sea. It follows, therefore, that the possibility of an enveloping movement is no longer practical. All the energies of the opposing Generals will now be centred in attempts to penetrate the lines of the enemy at one or several points.

German Retirement Not Unlikely.

Anyone who studies a large map will see at once that in tactics of this kind the Allies have a substantial advantage over the Germans. The new methods of air scouting make it very difficult to move large bodies of troops from one part of the theatre of war to another without the knowledge of the enemy. General Joffre, however, has the control of an elaborate network of railways which greatly contributes to the mobility of the forces under his command, and enables him to transfer his forces east or west with much greater rapidity than is possible to the enemy. Failing a successful penetration, it might appear that a position of military stalemate has been reached. Private advices indicate that this is very far from being the case. There is excellent grounds for believing that the German trenches north of the Aisne are rapidly becoming untenable. They have been flooded with water by the heavy rains of the last few days, and have suffered terribly from the sustained and extraordinarily accurate fire of the French artillery. A general retirement of the German forces along this part of the line of battle is not unlikely in the near future. What is even more satisfactory is the assurance that the health of the Allied armies is incomparably better than the health of the German troops.

It has been established beyond doubt that the German arrangements for the burial of the dead and the succouring of the wounded have broken down. This state of things is bound to breed pestilence. Fears are expressed that the Allied troops themselves may suffer from this cause when they come to occupy the infected ground at present held by the opposing forces. But the German retirement, when it comes, will not be an affair of a few miles only. Once the lines of the Aisne are abandoned there is no safe stopping-place for the German Army anywhere south of the Belgian frontier.

The Russian Advance.

As regards the progress of events in the East, very little news has been allowed to transpire for some days past. At the moment of writing such news as is available is distinctly reassuring. The German armies in the East are having very much the same experience as the German armies in the West. The Russian retirement on to the Vistula was purely strategical, and differed in this from the French retreat on Paris. But the results are likely to be the same. After a triumphal advance in the direction of Warsaw, the Austro-German forces have found themselves hurled back by superior numbers, and are now hastily entrenching themselves to resist a Russian offensive. The battle in this theatre of war may be a long one, but the Russians possess enormous resources, and may be expected to deliver heavy frontal attacks to force an early issue.

Reviewing the whole position East and West, the general outlook may be said to be extremely favourable to the cause of the Allies. Up to the present the one unfortunate debacle has been the fall of Antwerp, which now calls for more detailed consideration than was possible a week ago, but, after all, it was a purely local success that the Germans won in the North of Belgium. The view of the general position may be summed up in the words of a Cabinet Minister who had just heard Lord Kitchener's last report — "Things are going better," he said, "than we could have possibly hoped."

The Antwerp Blunder.

The more the circumstances connected with the fall of Antwerp come to be known the more apparent is it that a serious blunder was committed.

This is no time for interim post-mortems. No one desires to weaken or to irritate those in authority by needless criticism. Nevertheless, the mistake which was made at Antwerp is now so obvious, and indicates such a serious possibility that important people, acting in perfectly good faith, may initiate on their own responsibility a line of action fraught with serious consequences, that the nation has a right to demand an explanation.

Mr Churchill has had no opportunity as yet of giving his version of the considerations that influenced him in throwing into Antwerp a totally inadequate force to assist in the work of its defence. Until the First Lord of the Admiralty has been afforded that opportunity it is only fair to suspend final judgment on what appears on the face of it to have been a rather deplorable adventure.

The facts, so far as they are known, may be stated as impartially and judicially as possible. It is alleged that Mr Churchill acted on his own initiative in the steps that were taken to prolong the defence of the Belgian city. As to this no absolute proof is forthcoming, but it seems to be supported by the known facts. If we are to believe half the stories now current, the course which Mr Churchill pursued can be described neither as magnificent nor as war.

Nobody needs to be versed in the theories of war as laid down by Von Moltke and his predecessors to realise that one of the commonest blunders of the war is to lock up troops in fortresses. Von Moltke has declared that the history of all great fortresses is one of inevitable capitulation, and that those men who form their garrison are almost invariably lost when the fortress is overthrown.

This was true enough at the time it was written. It is more than ever true now that the destructive power of modern artillery has been enormously increased. Before the heavy siege guns brought up by the Germans the fortresses of Belgium and even of France have fallen like houses of cards.

A Threefold Blunder.

Expert opinion is that the blunders committed at Antwerp were threefold. The first mistake was the attempt to defend the city at all. This was so, because, by the double perfidy of Krupps not only was the fortress without any artillery worthy of the name, but the Germans had their big gun emplacements, which take weeks and sometimes months to prepare, carefully laid in advance at the requisite power. The second fact was known, and the latter might have been intelligently suspected. In the circumstances everything seemed to point to the desirability of evacuating Antwerp without attempting the resistance which would have only one result. The second phase of the blunder was in undertaking the defence, if it was to be undertaken, too late. The third mistake was in sending an inadequate and inefficient force, lacking the one thing that was vitally necessary—namely, heavy guns, which, of course, could not possibly have been placed in position at such short notice.

How inadequate was the British Force for the task assigned to it appears from the statement made on what seems to be unchallengable authority that, with the exception of a few Marines, than whom there are no finer troops in the world, the Naval Divisions hurriedly thrown into Antwerp to assist in the defence, and to stiffen the war-worn and experienced Belgian Army, consisted of Mr Churchill's new Naval Division, the majority of whom had received from three to five weeks elementary training. They were practically packed off from the Crystal Palace to the trenches at Antwerp. Some of them, it is alleged, were bundled into the train when they were out for a route march, and found themselves forty-eight hours later fighting against the highly-disciplined troops of the German Army.

No Proper Equipment.

Further than this, we are told that one Division was seriously deficient in officers, and that many of the officers that it did possess were in the stage of reading up drill orders from the Manual book. These gallant, but raw Volunteers, were, we are told, not even properly equipped. Some of them had no cartridge pouches at all, and, in the absence of belts, had to tie their bayonets to their waists with pieces of string.

It is further stated that many of the men had not fired a single round through the new service rifle with which they were armed, and that not all of them had had practice with the Morris tube during thirty days.

These, it is asserted, were the helpless civilians who were put into the trenches at the eleventh hour against the German Army with its 16-inch guns. The Belgian troops must have been puzzled to find that the British Navy's stiffening contingent had no big guns and tied their bayonets to their waist with string.

One may judge of the true nature of the adventure from the fact that though the little party actually had some Maxims with them, these were left behind with the baggage at the base.

The one redeeming feature of the whole business seems to have been the buoyant pluck with which the young recruits took on a task which, in the circumstances would have staggered one of Cæsar's seasoned Centurions.

One may admire, in a way, the superb height of Mr Churchill's enthusiasm in the British Navy which allowed him to dream, for a moment, that his handful of untried bluejackets could hold up a German army corps.

No doubt Mr Churchill meant well. So many foolish things have been done by well-meaning people. Possibly, when he visited Antwerp about a fortnight ago, he persuaded the authorities there to hold out against their better judgment, and pledged himself to send support. At anyrate, he appears to have had the courage of his indiscretion, if this is so, for it is asserted by some of those who were there that the First Lord of the Admiralty himself was in the trenches with his men for the whole of one night.

One of the officers who was with the Naval Division was Mr Asquith's younger son, of whom, by the way, his men speak in the highest praise. One of them gives a vivid pen picture of the Prime Minister's son insisting on taking the same rations as his men, and drinking tea out of a bully beef tin.

Reasons for the Defence.

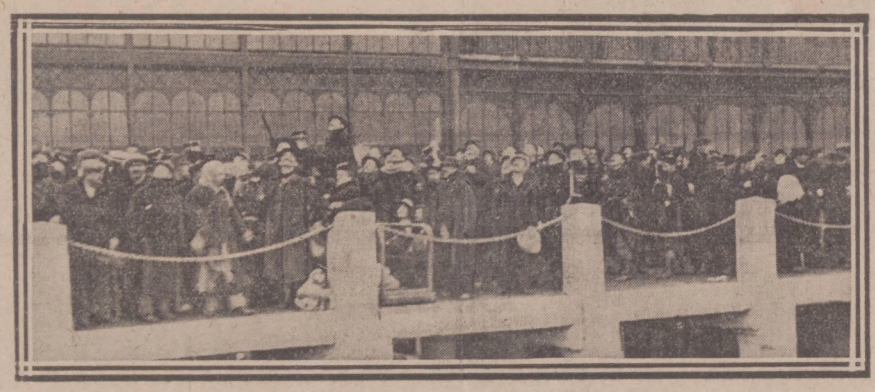
The advantages that accrued or indeed were expected to come from this rather quixotic enterprise are not very apparent. It must be accepted that those in authority were well acquainted with the fact that Antwerp could not be successfully defended. Mr Churchill may have felt that, from a sentimental point of view, it was desirable to give solid proof of our sympathy with Belgium in the misfortunes which have overtaken her But sympathy which cost them 20,000 men now interned in Holland was sympathy which the Belgian Generals would probably have preferred to do without.

It may have been of some advantage that the Germans were obliged to destroy the forts surrounding Antwerp before they entered the city. Antwerp is now practically an undefended town, and it will be difficult for the Germans to hold what they have won if any considerable force is sent against them.

This much may be admitted, but the indications are that Antwerp will be relieved, when it is relieved, not by siege operations, but by the threat that the garrison may be cut off from the main German Armies when these are driven back on their own frontier lines.

It is urged finally in Mr Churchill's defence that it was urgently desirable to keep the German forces against Antwerp occupied in order to give time for the operations of the mixed French and English force now fighting in the south of Belgium against the extreme German right wing. But if this was the object, how came it that the force thrown into Antwerp consisted of raw and untrained recruits?

LAST BOAT TO LEAVE OSTEND.



Graphic Photo Union.

The panic at Ostend was heightened by the appearance of a Taube aeroplane flying over the docks. British and Belgian soldiers shot at it from the boat, but did not succeed in bringing it down. It was, however, driven off before an damage was done.

TERRIFIC SHELL FIRE.

SERGEANT'S TRIBUTE TO OFFICER

Who Saved Situation at Antwerp.

An interesting story of the operations in and around Antwerp was given yesterday by Mr Herbert Brown, Frances Street, Holborn, who has received from Sergeant Giles, of the Royal Marines, a narrative respecting the doings of a section of the British Naval Division during the recent defence of Antwerp.

Sergeant Giles describes the composition of the British force in Antwerp at the time of the seige, and goes on to say:—

As soon as we arrived in Antwerp our men were sent direct into the trenches up towards Lierre, where the Germans were busily preparing for the final cannonading of the town.

The shell fire was terrific, coming with a screeching noise into our trenches all around us, and the shells burst with a terrific explosion. You have no idea of the effect that these shells have on different people. In the majority of cases the continuity of the shell fire seems quite to unnerve everybody. In other cases they drove men mad.

Position Serious.

On Wednesday, the correspondent adds, I saw that the position was becoming very serious. Many of us who have escaped are indebted to an officer who throughout the whole siege lived up to Lord Kitchener's exhortation, and was indeed truly "an officer and a gentleman."

The officer first inspected a large number of works in the town, and made proper arrangements for the supply of stores to the 10,000 troops in the town.

As to the retreat, Sergeant Giles explained that there was considerable danger to the troops, owing to the burning oil which had escaped from the gasometers, and which floated down the river. Several barges alongside the quay were set on fire, and this rendered the retreating movement of the troops exceedingly difficult.

The Retreat.

The general sent out the orders for the retirement early in the afternoon, and these men were conveyed away, the First Brigade defending the lines between numbers two and five. They were almost immediately ordered to retire by an opening in the inner line of the fortifications, the men of the Second Brigade occupying the trenches between Nos. 5 and 9 forts. Eventually these were instructed to retire through the Malines Gate, and the Marines behind the two Naval Brigades.

Coolness Saves Situation.

In the course of his story, Sergeant Giles mentioned that he saw a boat sinking two blazing barges drifting on to the pontoon bridge. One barge, fortunately, missed striking the bridge, where it was mined by the Belgians, and "I never saw such a cool man in my life," said the sergeant. "When all others had lost their heads, he went on board one of the barges and started to punt himself, and this seemed to give fresh nerve to the others, and the fire, which had broken out, was soon put out."

Sergeant Giles referred to the departure of the troops from Antwerp, and concluded by stating, with reference to an exploit of one of his comrades, "and the funny thing was that he made such good friends with the Dutch that one of them came along with us, and showed us a lane by which we were enabled to get over the frontier."

PASSENGER TRAFFIC RE-OPENED

Between Rotterdam and Antwerp.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Passenger traffic between Rotterdam and Antwerp has been reopened for the repatriation of fugitives. The first steamer left Rotterdam to-day with only eighty-eight passengers, mostly women. Other steamers will leave to-morrow.—Reuter.

"I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT."

Judge Describes Two Songs as "Contemptible Literary Work."

London, Saturday.

"You made me love you; I didn't want to do it."

"You didn't want to do it, but you did."

The first sentence is contained in a song published by Messrs Francis, Day, & Hunter; the second is contained in a song published by Messrs Feldman & Coy.

Some time ago the former firm obtained an injunction restraining the publication of the latter song on the ground that it was an infringement of the copyright.

In reversing this decision the Master of the Rolls says that he regretted that such rubbish as was part of both of the songs should be brought before the Court.

Lord Justice Kennedy said that they were, as literary works, contemptible.

17,000 TONS LINER ASHORE NEAR DOVER.

Dover, Saturday.

The newest and largest liner of the Royal Holland Lloyd Line, the Tubantia, about 17,000 tons, went ashore on the Kentish Knock to-day, bound for Rotterdam.

The vessel sent out signals for assistance, and efforts are being made to obtain tugs for the purpose at Dover and other ports. The liner is believed to have a considerable number of passengers on board.

A temporary home for the Countess de Villers and her five children, who were obliged to flee from Belgium, has been provided by the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter.

GERMANS CONCEAL HEAVY LOSSES

THEY ARE SUFFERING IN SHIPS AND SAILORS.

The enemy's difficulties are indeed increasing, and not decreasing, with every day that passes, owing to the new ships which are being completed for the Russian and British Navies. There need be no misapprehension on this score.

Apart altogether from the losses which Germany has already suffered, her relative naval strength is steadily decreasing. A careful examination has been made of the naval casualty lists which have been issued in Germany, with interesting results. These lists are numbered, and the first appears to have referred to the casualties in connection with the loss of the U15. The second, however, must have been concerned with an affair in the Baltic, since some of the people deported missing in it were said to be prisoners in Russia. Most of them were men belonging to the mining division. There is also a lieutenant, possibly the commander of torpedo boat G170. There are some indications that the second list may be concerned with the loss of the Magdeburg on August 27.

The third casualty list has been connected with the destruction of the Konigin Luise, but it probably includes other losses, as the ober-lieutenant of the Hyane, the paymaster of torpedo boat D9, and the lieutenant of torpedo boat D8 are mentioned in it.

"Captured by English Submarine."

The fourth list is also a Baltic list apparently, as it contains the names of men who are Russian prisoners, but it also includes the name of an ober-lieutenant of the first torpedo boat division at Kiel, belonging to torpedo boat S143. This officer is returned as "missing, apparently captured by English submarine." The fifth list includes the names of Admiral Maas, of the cruiser Coln, and sixteen other officers, and most of the casualties evidently refer to the action near Heligoland on August 28.

The sixth list, which gives 31 officers and 435 men missing, may, it is conjectured, refer to the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and the Bethania. None of these lists give the names of the larger vessels or the dates and places connected with the incidents to which they refer. There is an apparent intention on the part of the Germans to conceal the heavy losses of material which they are suffering in the various vessels of war.

Germany's Strength Declining.

They have already lost from one cause or another one battle cruiser (the Goeben), six light cruisers (the Ariadne, Breslau, Mainz, Koln, Magdeburg, and Hela), six or eight submarines, at least half a dozen destroyers, and many armed merchant ships. This is no mean record after over two months of warfare, during which the German High Seas Fleet has been sheltering behind its guns and minefields.

Nor is this all. Four German colonies have already been seized, and within a few days we may expect news that Kiaochau has fallen. The experience of war has certainly not borne out the flamboyant anticipation of peace in which the German people were led to indulge. We have not been thrown out of work loose, but they have been of little military importance, although they have involved heavy sacrifice of life. In fact, we can review the past two months with no little satisfaction, and can look forward to the future with the assurance that with every week that passes Germany's naval strength will continue to decline.

"TAY PAY" ASKS CROWD

To Avenge Belgium's Wrongs.

A remarkable demonstration in honour of Belgium was held at Wimbledon on Saturday. A procession marched to the Common to salute the Belgian flag. The Duchess of Vendome, King Albert's sister, presided at the ceremonial, and the Duke of Vendome, Princess Marie Louise, and Princess Genevieve of Orleans also attended.

Mr Henry Chaplin, M.P., addressing the crowd, who all displayed Belgian flags, said the motive inmost in their hearts was to support and aid Belgium and her gallant and heroic people, and extend them every possible sympathy. A nobler record of a people history would never be able to show

Mr T. P. O'Connor, M.P., after paying a tribute to Belgium's valour, asked the gathering to hold up hands and make the vow, whatever it may cost in treasure, whatever it may cost in the blood of our best, we shall never, never sheath our sword until Belgium is free, until repatriation is made to her, and until the treaty is not a scrap of paper, but a steel-clad fortress behind which stand millions of British arms to defend it unto death.

With cheers the vow was taken, the Belgian flag was unfurled amid enthusiasm, and the Belgian and Allies' national anthems were sung.

BRITISH MAJOR-GENERAL KILLED.

WAS ONE OF KITCHENER'S TRUSTED OFFICERS.

Scottish Officers in Wounded List.

The following casualties in the Expeditionary Forces are reported from General Headquarters under date 14th October, and were issued last night:—

Officers Killed.

Hamilton, Major-General H. I. W., C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.

Kerr, Second Lieutenant D. A., Royal Scots.

Officers Wounded.

Crockatt, Second Lieutenant N. R., Royal Scots.

Henderson, Lieutenant M., Royal Scots.

Hewitt, Second Lieutenant W. G., Royal Scots.

Macbrayne, Second Lieutenant D., Royal Scots.

Macrae, Second Lieutenant I. A., King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Morrison, Captain R. P., Royal Scots.

Norman, Second Lieutenant A. M., Gordon Highlanders.

Perry, Lieutenant B. H. H., Royal Scots.

Sandeman, Lieutenant W. A. F., Gordon Highlanders.

Smith, Captain G. W., King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Turnbull, Second Lieutenant D. R., Gordon Highlanders.

Major-General Hubert Ion Witherall, C.B., D.S.O., C.V.O., was an officer of wide experience, and in quite a number of important campaigns he acted as one of Lord Kitchener's right-hand men. He served in the Soudan campaign, and taking part in the battles of Atbara and Khartoum was mentioned three times in the despatches.

He served as military secretary to Lord Kitchener while that officer was Commander-in-Chief in the South African War, and was again three times mentioned in despatches. Later he acted as military secretary to Lord Kitchener, who was then Commander-in-Chief in India.

AUSTRIAN TORPEDO BOAT

Sunk by French.

Rome, Saturday.

Reports from Bari and Arcona, and also from Albania, agree that an Austrian torpedo-boat destroyer has been sunk by French ships. Official confirmation, however, is lacking.—Reuter.

WOUNDED TOMMY'S TRIBUTE TO NURSES.

Countess Who was a "Real Brick."

A glowing tribute to the bravery and devotion of the British nurses attached to the field hospitals is paid by a private of the Royal Irish Rifles who is at present in Bournbrook Hospital, Birmingham, having fallen a victim to rheumatism. The rifleman in an interview said:—

"I can't speak too highly of the kindness of the nurses in the field hospital. It is just wonderful. When I could not longer remain in the fighting line, I had the good luck to be sent to the hospital where the Countess of Dudley is serving.

"She's a fair marvel. The Countess is always in the wards and no task is too much trouble to her if it is going to ease a wounded soldier. Not a day passes but she is about, and she is always making presents of chocolates and cigarettes to our fellows.

"A Real Brick and a Thorough Lady."

"She was as good as gold to me, and twice bathed my feet. When Lord Dudley was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, we were in Dublin, and I did many a spell of sentry duty at Dublin Castle and saw Lord Dudley and his lady many times. As soon as the Countess of Dudley entered the ward I recognised her. She's a real brick and a thorough lady."

THE GURKHAS IN ACTION.

A private of the Leicester Fusiliers, who has been invalided to the Birmingham Hospital, on account of illness, is loud in his praise of the Gurkhas, whom he has seen in action. He says—

"I took part in the bayonet charges at Soissons, and was one of the very few who came out unhurt. I was one of the lucky ones. The Germans had been playing on us with machine guns from two sides, but the Essex Regiment came along and put an end to that game. I saw the Gurkhas in action, and I don't want to see any better fighting men. They are terrible fighters and throw their knives with unerring aim. The Gurkhas are simply marvellous, and never seem to miss.

"They can throw their knives from a distance of a hundred yards and cut through a small tree. The Gurkhas will do a terrible lot of damage and will soon strike terror into the hearts of the German troops."

Two Splendid Supplements GIVEN FREE.

No. 1 with the "RED LETTER,"

ON SALE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21.

WAR SONG ALBUM

Containing the Words and Music (Staff and Sol-Fa) of

It's a Long Way to Tipperary.
The Marseillaise.
Rule Britannia.
The Belgian National Anthem.
Hearts of Oak.
The Girl I Left Behind Me.
The Russian National Anthem.
British National Anthem. &c., &c.

No. 2 Free with the "RED LETTER,"

ON SALE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28.

RED LETTER ALBUM of UP-TO-DATE WAR SONGS

Tell your Newsagent to keep a copy for you, otherwise you may not be able to get one.

THE LITTLE FELLOW

A TRIBUTE TO OUR SHORT BUT STURDY SOLDIERS.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

A few weeks ago when the War Office increased the height standard a couple of inches for recruits for Lord Kitchener's Army there was a wave of keen disappointment among the little fellows throughout the country.

Many ardent recruits, stubborn and staunch, but short in stature felt that the death-knell, so far as they could help the Motherland, had been sounded.

Five feet six! No good. Thousands of brave Britons willing, nay, eager to take their place in the ranks of Kitchener's Army found the door banged in their faces. Ready to serve, and ready to die if need be, they were debarred by the high physical standard set by the War Office. But that was only for a short period. The wee fellow, that is, the man in the region of five feet four inches, is again "wanted" by the military authorities.

Hardy, Though Small.

Since war was declared I have had numerous opportunities of mingling among military men; soldiers who had gone to the fighting line, and who have afterwards returned wounded; young recruits eager to have a shot at the Germans, and brusque sergeant-majors whose work during the last two months has been unusually arduous. I have been keenly observant of the type of men who have returned home wounded. Occasionally, but not often, I have chatted with a gigantic Highlander, but for the most part the lads who have shown the most untiring stamina have been men of medium build and height.

I wish to put in a plea for the little fellow; the type of British fighter who is doing such splendid work against the treacherous Teuton. An old war-beaten, campaign-scared veteran sent me to the right quarter.

"Look here, mister, I wonder if you could tell me what the War authorities meant by raising the height standard of the soldiers for several weeks?" he asked.

I ventured to suggest that possibly it was to relieve the congestion temporarily at the recruiting stations. "We have thousands of men an inch or two short of five feet six who could wrestle or fight men half a head taller," he declared. "The giraffe has no choice against the tiger, and if I had charge of a regiment to fight against the Germans, give me fellows of the short, sturdy build," was the parting observation of the old warrior.

A Sergeant-Major's Views.

This opinionative dictum of the veteran, uttered with an air of finality, sent me on the hunt for a modern, alert sergeant-major. Although as busy as a Berlin newsvendor handing out sheets with German victories, the sergeant-major kindly agreed to give his views to the readers of the "Sunday Post," who are closely studying the great crisis on the Continent of Europe. "Now, you're giving me a poser," remarked the sergeant-major of a distinguished regiment when I solicited his views as to the respective merits of the tall and the short (in a physical sense) soldier.

"There's no doubt that a regiment of six footers, marching majestically along in their gaudy uniforms to the music of the band creates a big impression on the women of the country, while the little fellow is looked upon with a certain amount of patronage by the city crowd, but my view is that men of medium size are best suited for severe campaigning.

"In a long 30-mile march I have less fear of the sturdy little men falling out than of the stalwart, heavily-built giant, although, mark you, big men are splendid when it comes to a bayonet charge. I may say that in the army a soldier's military capacity is not judged by the length of his trousers hung over a clothes rope. When it comes to a pure question of stamina during a forced march, the medium-sized man comes out on top nearly every time.

Quite as Game.

"Again," continued the sergeant-major, "the soldier of medium stature is quite as game and plucky as his taller comrade, and it's a good thing in such a crisis, that every man, tall or short, seems to vie with his fellows as to who is most efficient for the grim purpose in hand.

"I don't know whether the public have ever noticed that often two men in a regiment strike up a comradeship, and walk about the streets, who are the extremes in physical size. A six-footer and a soldier about seven inches shorter frequently become close pals, and form a sort of David and Jonathen friendship.

"I hardly think the public appreciate the little soldier as much as he deserves. As Lord Roberts proved, brave deeds can be accomplished and Victoria Crosses won by men of genuine pluck, although nothing to speak of in regard to stature."

Wiry Men With Brains.

It has been asserted, and with truth, that there is nothing to be gained by mere size and beefiness in our infantry regiments. Frederick the Great's 7 ft. Irishman (secured by the expenditure of a small fortune) is not worth buying, even at the same figure as the medium-sized, wiry man. What are wanted are brains to take cover and fight with skill and patience, and the power of endurance against cold. Strength to stand periods of irregular feeding and broken sleep, and, above all, the power to march. It has even been suggested that the short man is the better military instrument; not that he has more pluck, but that he eats less, weighs less, and takes up less room. The tall man needs more calories in his daily diet; the transport train must be bigger for an army of tall men. A man of 5 ft. 3 in. can shelter in a trench better, shoot as well, offering a smaller mark, and keep himself warm in a smaller space than the big man. The heavier a man is, the more food he requires to keep up a given amount of physical exertion. A 12 st. man needs one-fifth more food than a 10 st. man, other things being equal. Evidently the Japanese have a distinct military advantage over the taller races in the transport and commissariat departments.

Feeding Tommy Well.

The medical profession has already guided the War Office on another matter. The Army Medical Advisory Board has got the war ration raised from 4000 to 5000 calories a day. A calory, it may be explained, is the unit in which the value of various kinds of food as fuel for the human engine is scientifically measured. It is a heat unit, but its equivalent in mechanical energy is 3077 foot-pounds. If all the soldier's ration could be turned into muscular energy it would yield the prodigious total of over 15,000,000 foot-pounds a day. A hard day's muscular work for an average man is reckoned at only about 1,500,000 foot-pounds. But, needless to say, most of the fuel that goes into the human engine, as into any other engine, comes out not as energy but as waste heat. The human body converts a little under one-sixth of its fuel into muscular energy. It does better than the steam engine, however, which at most converts only one-eighth of its fuel into mechanical energy.

Now then, you young men who fancy you are not tall enough to be a soldier, line up and fall in!

SENTENCE ON CAMERON HIGHLANDER

FOR FATALLY STABBING ROOM MATE.

Bedford, Saturday.

The trial of the Cameron Highlander who stabbed a comrade with his bayonet at Bedford, causing his death, ended to-day in a sentence of fifteen months' hard labour.

The prisoner, Private John Fraser, was billeted in the same house as the other man, Private Arthur Charker, and they had been drinking together.

Fraser drew his bayonet, and Charker was stabbed. He died two days later. The men were on friendly terms.

Charker made the statement that there was no quarrel, and he could remember nothing beyond the fact that he was stabbed.

SUPPORT OF SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

The War Office, in a communique, states that the order making compulsory allotment by a soldier for the support of his family is not withdrawn but suspended in certain cases. Where a soldier objects to continue the full allotment, and his wife is not content, inquiry will be made as to whether her income, without full allotment, reaches the standard scale. Meanwhile she will be paid full allotment, including anything already abated.

BOXERS AT THE FRONT.

FAMOUS FIGHTERS RESPOND

TO BRITAIN'S CALL TO ARMS.

If the great combat could have been settled by the arbitrament of straight, quick lefts and solid right punches "our boys" would have been in Berlin long ago.

The art of boxing is akin to a sixth sense in the race. It has its degrees—rugged here and there, perhaps—but it is always a sporting channel for getting rid of bad blood.

If you want to find the whereabouts of our leading amateur boxers (and many professionals, too) it is necessary to consult the Service lists or plod through the appointments in the Gazette.

Our boxers enrolled with the alacrity of their friends the Rugby Unionists. Real warfare and these sports are convertible terms. In his own usefulness in the "noble art" your Britisher has a supreme belief. There are not many corners left in his character when the disciplinary sport of the ring has rounded up his sporting instincts.

And now that it is war time the gymnasia, where the evenings used to be so well spent, are virtually deserted by the more matured folk: they are away at the front or at sea or in camp with Regulars or Territorials. Nearly all of them have found some way of "Joining the Colours."

A search of the old haunts discovered none of the right sort who had not gone. The men who fought in the Amateur Championships at the Alexandra Palace last April volunteered virtually to a man.

The imagination conjured up the let that an opponent would have with that handsome heavy-weight, E. V. Chandler, of the Stock Exchange, if it came at the finish to a case of fisticuffs. And Chandler was the man of the hour on that last historic night at Alexandra Palace. All the Stock Exchange boxers have gone—all the young guard, anyhow—much to the chagrin of their young friends whose welfare is the concern of the Children's Happy Evenings Association.

Spirit of the Sport.

The Services play such a great part in the development of boxing as a national sport that their competitions will be much missed during the winter months.

In thinking of the silent vigil of the Navy men in the North Sea or of the hard work of the soldiers in the trenches the mind goes back to many a glorious night's sport in the Headquarter Gymnasium, Aldershot, or the Town Hall, Portsmouth, when the Service championships were under way. How keen the officers were to keep the men "playing the game"! Whether it was Captain R. B. Campbell, of the Gordon Highlanders, or Commander Arthur Snagge or Lieutenant Burnett, R.N., or Major Heathcote, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry—whosever "watch" it was, there was the same wariness for straightness. "Jones, you are keeping that left too low!" "Smith, you must not hold!" "Fight on!" These and other warnings would keep the men in the game.

Owes Much to Officers.

Boxing owes much to the officers of the services. In these last few years they have striven with unwavering zeal for the upraising of boxing, believing in its splendid character-building endowment.

And now the compulsory stay-at-homes can only mentally relive the rousing hours that were spent at those great championships; to remember how Lieutenant Martin H. Collier, of His Majesty's ship Dolphin, beat Captain G. M. Ellison, of the Lincolns, in the slashing bout of the light-heavies; how Lance-Corporal Jones, a South Wales Borderer, beat Sergeant MacEnroy, of the Irish Guards, after two extra rounds. These were fights. The spirit of the sport is taken to the front.

Hot Work.

Here is Bombardier Carton, of the R.F.A.—one of the champions—writing "It is pretty hot work out here. I am sending home my boxing medal for safe keeping." Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux had an extra word of praise for Carton as he went up for that precious medal at Portsmouth.

The boxers are doing their duty. They are the stuff that V.C. men are made of. Anyone who has seen them at work, whether in the Public Schools ring or in the Services tournaments, knows this. They like to win; but they know how to lose as well. If all these heroes are for the moment away the prayers of all sportsmen go up for their welfare, as they are engaged in the loftiest daring.

Some Famous Names.

In the "Call to Arms" the professors have not lagged behind—or at least a good proportion of them have not. We hear of those clean fighters—the Bandsman Rice and the Bandsman Blake—with the colours, as well as that smashing boxer, Private Basham (what a name for a boxer!), who rejoined directly there was war abroad. And our old friends, Petty Officer Curran, whose zeal has so often out-run his discretion, and Pat Keogh are back in the service. Maybe Bombardier "Billy" Wells will follow his friends of the ring. Were he to do this soon he might be in time when Ghent is retaken to have at least a friendly spar with Georges Carpentier, who was long ago in the thick of it at the front. It is all out-fighting where he is now. He will have to wait for more of his lightning right and left short-arm work.

THE MOST POPULAR NOVELIST OF THE DAY.

ANNIE S. SWAN AND HER NEW STORY.

"When are you going to give us another story by Annie S. Swan?" That is what many readers of the "People's Friend" write to the Editor as soon as a story by this favorite and famous writer concludes in the "Friend" pages.

It is not difficult to account for the unending attraction of Annie S. Swan; she writes from the heart, and so she makes an irresistible appeal to the hearts of all her readers. Her characters are always life-like; just the sort of people that we all know, and Annie S. Swan possesses the incommunicable gift of making them live before us. All her qualities are seen at their best in her new story, "The Stepmother," just beginning in the "People's Friend."

The stepmother in her new story, though a woman of humble origin brought to a luxurious home, is kind and tactful—a woman in a thousand, and the story of her struggle will be read with sympathetic interest by all who once begin the tale. The "People's Friend," it may be mentioned, puts many attractions before its readers.

A fine series of stories of the battlefield, told by Nurse Laura, is being followed with eager interest, and Agnes C. Mitchell's new story, "The Love That Failed," has won golden opinions. In connection with Annie S. Swan's story, there are being given away some hundreds of copies of her fine book of poems, "Love's Crown," each one bearing her autograph, which makes them specially valuable and worth having. At the same time, the Editor offers a thousand Overalls and Dust-caps as free gifts to his readers, and likewise, six splendid autumn patterns of garments specially suited for autumn and winter wear. A penny spent on the "People's Friend" is the very best investment anyone can make in these times. It will bring a thousandfold return, not merely in enjoyment, but in valuable material rewards.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

Deal, Saturday.

Mrs Penn, the Deal widow, who had her three sons on board the ill-fated Cressey—Louis and Albert being drowned, while Herbert was saved—has received a letter from the British Consul at Ymuider, Holland, stating that Louis' box, which had evidently floated out of the Cressey, has been washed ashore.

On the lid was an aluminium plate bearing the name, Louis Penn, R.N.R., and inside was Mrs Penn's address, brushes, boxes of cigarettes, books, letters, a silver watch, a brooch, a photo, and other articles.

Information has reached Buckie by telegraph that the Buckie fishing steamer Wallflower had sunk on Saturday at Mallaig, Inverness-shire. The crew were saved It is understood that the vessel went on the rocks and was holed.

Supplement to The Post Sunday Special.

DIAGRAM WAR MAP

SHOWING POSSIBILITIES OF ZEPPELIN INVASION.

MAP PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH JOHN BARTHOLOMEW & CO., EDINBURGH.

GERMANY'S repeated threats of an impending aerial invasion of Britain have served to increase public interest in the possibilities of airships and aeroplanes as engines of war. Seventy-five Zeppelins, we are told from Berlin, are being got ready for active service in our "tight little island," and although we need not accept all we hear from that quarter as gospel, it is well to know that the British Government is leaving nothing to chance. The precautionary measures adopted have gone far to dispel any feelings of uneasiness in this country, but there can be no doubt that the appearance of one of these great airships overhead would excite our wonder, if not our awe, far more than Delavan's Comet, which is so easily discernible in the heavens just now.

Just what is exactly the utmost possible radius of effective action by warlike aircraft is still matter of experiment. Under normal conditions, however, the single-journey range of an aeroplane has been modestly put at 250 miles—that is to say, 125 miles out and the same distance home. The Zeppelin, on the other hand, can easily cover 600 miles at a stretch, or 300 miles out and home. The circles in our diagram war map have been drawn to show the possibilities under these conditions.

A Frenchman, Georges Joux, holds the record for the continuous navigation of dirigibles. Carrying eight passengers in a French military dirigible balloon, he recently remained in the air for 35 hours and 20 minutes. The previous best was by the German Zeppelin L3, which, flying from Friedrichshafen to Berlin last May, kept aloft for one minute less than 35 hours.

The nearest German airship base to Britain is at Cologne, 310 miles from London, but it may be taken for granted that Antwerp will now become a base for hostile operations against Britain, and for that reason it has been made the centre of the circles shown in our diagram.

Combining naval and military air services, Britain has about 250 seaplanes and aeroplanes. Many of these are equipped with bomb-dropping apparatus. Of dirigibles the number possessed by Britain is an official secret.

Germany's fleet of Zeppelins is said to number 17. They are capable of carrying from two to four tons of explosives. She has six smaller airships. In all she has thirty airships of one sort or another. Of aeroplanes she has between 700 and 800. France has about the same number of aeroplanes as Germany, and her airships number 15.

Since the war began at least four, and possibly six, German Zeppelins have been destroyed. Again, a certain number must be retained for operations against the Russians. Against these facts, however, we must reckon the feverish activity displayed by the enemy in building new machines to increase their airship fleet. Four months is the shortest time in which it is possible to build a Zeppelin from start to finish.

We may take it for granted that the measures arranged by the British Government for dealing with an aerial invasion are on a comprehensive scale, and the successes of our airmen over the battlefields of France and Belgium warrant belief in their efficiency to combat the enemy in the air, even soaring in his much-vaunted Zeppelin.

After all, the odds are not at all in favour of the Zeppelin airman. He must make the journey in one trip or take very big risks. He won't find any convenient replenishing stations on this side. Darkness may favour his stealthy flight over the sea, but it will obscure the landmarks which are essential to his bomb-dropping exploit. The wind, too, is at all times a formidable factor, and the westerly winds that blow over these islands, especially at this season of the year, are real hindrances to dirigible excursions from across the Channel.

Even in peace time the Zeppelin has grave risks to encounter. One has only to recall the disasters to German naval airships which occurred last year. The first dirigible, L1, which was completed in 1912, was caught in a violent storm off Heligoland on September 9, and hurled to the sea, which was so rough that she was destroyed in about an hour, with the loss of 13 officers and men. A month later the second naval dirigible, L2, was making a flight from Johannisthal with 28 persons on board, including a committee of experts, when the vessel caught fire and exploded. Her entire crew and passengers lost their lives.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

SINKING OF GERMAN DESTROYERS.

HOW NEWS WAS RECEIVED.

CLOSE WATCH FOR SPIES.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

The news of the destruction of four German destroyers off the Dutch coast came to hand just as London was settling down to dinner.

There were few demonstrations either in the restaurants or the streets. The general feeling was that it was only what was to be expected after grim hardening given to our sailors by the loss of the Hawke in the North Sea.

London has learned to read the character of the men who man our ships, and when face to face with the tidings of a naval disaster Londoners simply nod their heads in a significant manner, as if to say, "The Teutons will pay dearly for what they have done when the proper time comes."

By the way, do you notice in the official message that the names of the British ships in action began with one exception with the same significant letter "L"? The man in the street is making the most of it. The issue of the news of the Press Bureau was a fitting way of scotching the unfounded rumours current to-day about the destruction by the Germans of one of our great battleships.

How these rumours get about is past the powers of human kind to understand, and to-day more than the proverbial grain of salt has to be requisitioned to deal with the stories afloat regarding certain vessels of the fleet on the North Sea.

A Contradiction.

Towards midday the rumour that one of the big battleships had been torpedoed was so persistent that the Press Bureau had to issue a communication to the effect that there was no truth in the report that any of His Majesty's navy had been sunk, or that there was any disaster other than those about which official announcement had already been made.

In particular, the Invincible, which it was alleged the Germans had sunk, is one which we could ill afford to lose, and the fact that its name was on many lips rather suggests that the rumour reached London from a German source, and was designed to depress the citizens of London, for what reason only those at the head of the German Bureau can know.

London is not depressed, and the stories that reach us of admirals and society ladies being shut up in the Tower of London only contribute to our gaiety. We know better than the German fictionmongers that the accommodation of the ill-erected tower of Julius Ceasar is not so well adapted for the prisoner of the present day as Wormwood Scrubbs or Pentonville, and so when the latest bit of secret information is passed on to us we merely smile and pass our hands across the table for the cruet.

An Example to the World.

The plain fact of the matter is that London at the present time sets an example to the world. There are no signs of panic in our midst. Everything is tranquil, and whatever news we receive, whether it be good or bad, is received with that calm and phlegmatic manner which is characteristic of the race. This is as it should be, for the streets of the Metropolis are thronged to-day by Belgian military and the Belgian citizens who have drunk to the dregs the cup of suffering. The tranquility of the people of London, their calmness, and the serenity of the London streets inspire our visitors with the confidence that, whatever may have happened to them, the rosy dawn is illuminating the horizon.

London is still dark and dreary at nightfall, but at midday the streets are bright with the uniforms of our brave Allies, who are making London a halfway house for the trenches in France. On every hand, too, one sees little parties of refugees, whose pale faces are lit up with the happiness which forsook them in the early days of the war, and who, like ourselves, are sleeping soundly at night because of the watchful fleet that sits on the high seas at the gates of the enemy.

Stimulus to Recruiting.

The fall of Antwerp and the loss of the Hawke may have raised the hopes of Berlin, but it will come as a shock to the Teutons to learn that these reverses, far from causing a wave of depression to engulf us, are stimulating recruiting not only in London, but in every town and village throughout the country. Recruiting sergeants whom I have chatted with assure me that men are pouring in, and the one desire of every man is to be put in a regiment which is likely to be amongst the first to go on active service.

The new recruits for Kitchener's Army have been putting in a great deal of hard work, and an old non-com. who had had the handling of the new men have opened their eyes in wonderment at the way in which the recently-joined men have allowed themselves to be licked into shape.

Daily a contingent of ununiformed men may be seen marching through the streets of London, and when they reach their headquarters it is invariably found that the rear ranks are filled by men who have fallen in by the way, and who are anxious to get particulars as to how they can become attached without delay.

Patriotic Women.

The men of Britain are answering the call nobly, and it is only right to set it down that the women of the country should not be lacking in patriotism. There were a good many sneers when the volunteer aid detachment began to get hospitals ready in the towns and villages, but one has only to see the women at work to realise how much their sacrifice and foresight mean to us.

The women, who are drawn from every rank in life, are busy attending to the wounds of the Belgians who came over after the evacuation of Ostend, and while the doctors are eloquent in their praise, the wounded themselves say that they will never be able to repay the debt due by them to the women of Britain.

A Belgian's Fears.

In one of the temporary hospitals I was asked to come and act as interpreter in a case which was giving the nurses some trouble. I found that the little Belgian peasant soldier was in a condition of funk, because the nurses had ordered him to change into pyjamas, and thus given them the idea that he was to go back to an ordinary hospital.

"Do not let them send me away," he implored. "The hospital is bad. This is like Heaven here, and the nurses are angels." It was the only time he had displayed cowardice, for he is a soldier who accounted for two German spies dressed as priests, and he wore the religious medals he cut from their breasts. The women of Britain have responded nobly to the call. Lady Clara Vere de Vere with time hanging heavy on her hands does not belong to the new Georgian era.

Watching for Spies.

The crusade against the enemy in our midst goes on unceasingly, and I have it from a reliable source that our excellent secret service have laid their nets so well that what happened in Brussels and Antwerp is not likely to happen in London so far as conveying messages to the enemy is concerned. The special constabulary in towns adjoining London has been working hard, and every German resident who has registered knows that every movement is watched both by day and night. I am therefore disinclined to descredit the story told me of an alien who was observed rightly in his garden with a lamp, and who is now chuckling at the expense of the little band of special constables who in the early hours of the morning arrived armed with spades and forks, and dug the garden from end to end for the love of the thing, and the success of the crop that will push through the soil in spring. The story is too tall, and on behalf of my fellow special constables I discount it, while passing it on by way of a note in lighter vein.

GERMAN APPEAL TO UNITED STATES

TO STOP SHIPMENT OF ARMS.

"BIG ORDERS" FROM WARRING NATIONS.

A New York message states that President Wilson has been appealed to by George Sylveste Viereck to interfere with the shipments of arms and munitions of war from the United States to European nations now at war.

Mr Viereck is the publisher of The Fatherland, a weekly publication which has made its appearance since the start of the war.

In a long letter Mr Viereck argues his point very plausibly, though he admits that "according to the old standards of commerce and national morality, such an action is entirely justifiable," but he denies that it is "in accordance with the new order of things." He quotes particulars of "big orders" and some of his statistics, if correct, are interesting as showing

What the Nations Are Doing.

Here are some of the alleged "orders":—

Britain ordered from the Remington Ammunition Union Metallic Cartridge Company, New York, ammunition of a value of £4,000,000.

France obtains from domestic firms 3,000,000 cartridges weekly.

Britain is trying to buy 200,000 5-inch shells.

Britain bought aeroplanes, automobiles, tents, boots, and clothing—payment through the Bank of Montreal.

Japan is negotiating with the Hercules Powder Company and the Giant Powder Company for big quantities of dynamite.

Britain is in the market for 200 tons of saltpetre and glycerine.

Russia wants 1000 tons of gunpowder for 3-inch guns, 1000 tons of rifle powder, besides Winchester rifles and gun cotton.

France bought four aeroplanes for shipment via Quebec.

500,000 Rifles Sent to London.

The Winchester Arms Manufacturing Company has delivered since August 5 500,000 rifles to the London Armoury.

The Schoenberger plant of the American Steel and Wire Company has an order for 6,000,000 horseshoes from France and Russia.

Philadelphia has shipped 200,000 blankets to France and Britain.

The Midvale Steel Company is working at spades having a notch for a rifle rest. The first order was for 25,000. More orders for 75,000 have been promised.

Japan is trying to obtain big quantities of the high-power explosive, trinitroluol.

In Texas and Oklahoma horses are selected for one of the warfaring nations. Britain's number has been mentioned as 10,000.

Russia is busy covering its needs in shrapnels.

Britain has secured the whole output of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company.

The following shipments have been made from American ports:—

Steamer Minnetonka to London — firearms, value £1000; cartridges, value £4000.

Steamer Kroonland to London—firearms, value £250.

Steamer Finland to London—firearms, value £2300.

Steamer Nenominee to London—cartridges, value, £15,000; firearms, value £225.

The President's reply to Mr Viereck's appeal is not recorded.

WELL KNOWN STIRLING MINISTER AT FRONT.

Brother of Sir John Ure Primrose

THE REV ROBERT PRIMROSE.

There must be few representatives "cloth" who have taken such an active part in actual warfare, and seen with his own eyes the bombardment, as the Rev. Robert Primrose, Stirling, the popular chaplain of the Clyde Naval Brigade.

The Rev. Mr Primrose, who is a younger brother of Sir John Ure Primrose, Bart., Rechholme, Glasgow, is no mere figurehead of a navy chaplain, and when the detachment from the Clyde Naval Brigade was ordered to assist in the defence of Antwerp he took his place in the ranks of the gallant lads in navy blue.

His third son, who is a lieutenant in the same body, took a leading part in the courageous defence of the Belgian seaport, and the numerous friends of the reverend gentleman were very anxious about his safety in view of the hurried nature of the retreat from Antwerp.

Reassuring News.

A reassuring message has been received by Sir John Ure Primrose, stating that his ministerial brother had safely landed at Ostend, and the news of his safety will lift a load of anxiety from his congregation and his large circle of private friends.

The Rev. Mr Primrose is a fine type of the muscular Christian, and when he returns to this country he should be able to describe in graphic terms his thrilling experiences in the Antwerp forts, where his genial presence must have cheered and inspired the gallant members of the Clyde Naval Brigade. How he comported himself in that terrible bombardment will perhaps soon be told by members of the Naval Brigade, as the minister of Stirling is not likely to trumpet his own daring at the firing line.

Through Soudan.

Stirring as must have been the experiences of the Rev. Mr Primrose in Antwerp, this was not by any means his baptism of actual battle. In early ministerial days he was in the Soudan for a time during the wars of the '80's, and witnessed one of the famous British charges against the Dervishes, an experience he has hitherto described as the most stirring and impressive of his life. But even that exciting spectacle must now take a secondary place in the face of being an eye-witness and an actual participator in the bombardment of Antwerp by the heavy German howitzers.

CAPTAIN'S GALLANT CONDUCT.

Gives Life for Battalion.

Mrs Kyrke Smith, widow of Captain Kyrke Smith, of the 1st Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment, who died in Belgium from wounds, has received a letter of sympathy from Colonel Bannatyne commanding officer. The letter states that the captain met his death gallantly, giving his life for the battalion. On September 14 the battalion was advanced guard to the brigade, and found the Germans in a very strongly entrenched position.

A, B, and C Companies at once attacked, and Captain Kyrke Smith's leading of his men was magnificent. They gained a lot of ground, and were then ordered to hold it. This was done against great odds and under terrific shell fire for six days.

On the seventh day they were heavily attacked, and there was a danger of the whole line being driven in. Captain Kyrke Smith's company was sent to check the main attack, and it was then he was hit.

THRILLING INCIDENTS IN THE CAMPAIGN.

GRAVE AND GAY NARRATIVES TOLD BY OUR OFFICERS AND MEN,

WHO ARE ADDING LUSTRE TO BRITISH ARMS.

WOUNDED COLDSTREAM GUARDSMAN

Gives His Experiences While Lying on the Field.

Private Wood, of the Coldstream Guards, now in hospital at Bristol, writes to his mother, who lives in Taunton, his letter appearing in the Times and Mirror. After telling how his company, being surprised by a much larger force of the enemy, was ordered to retire to a neighbouring haystack, the writer proceeds:—

How the bullets flew about! Up I jumped and up the slope I ran. I soon reduced the distance. Another 100 yards to safety—80, 60, 40, 30, 15 yards. Oh, my left knee! I dropped down flat, with my right arm underneath my body, and my left hand feeling if my leg was still on. An officer ran by shouting out, "Wounded lie still." I was laid on my chest, and the German infantry coming on I could see them coming 200 yards behind me. They did not put their rifles to their shoulders, but fired from the hips.

Bullets were spitting on the ground around me. Should I ever get out of this, I thought. Something seemed to say to me, "Keep still, and you will be all right." On the Germans came to within 100 yards of me, then 50 yards, then 20 yards, then 10 yards, and there they halted. They were on the slope leading to the stack, and after a short conversation two of them came in my direction. "Now for it," I said to myself. But no, they passed me and went to the top of the hill.

Private Wood then tells how he lay motionless for three hours while the Germans continually passed and repassed, smoking and chatting the while:—

My arm beneath my body was paralysed, and I could feel the blood running from my wound. Now and again I could hear one of them shout out, "Hoch Kaiser," and I said to myself, "Hurrah for the King." Then I saw them fall in and about to turn. Thank God, off they went. I made a move and pulled my right arm from under me. Quietly I moved my head to have a look round, and I had such a pain in the back of my neck owing to holding my head in one position. I saw them marching away, and, looking towards my right, I could see a town burning, and a high chimney stalk set in the centre of it, around which big shells were bursting. It was now about 7 p.m., and after a good look round I shook off my kit and made a move towards the stack. It was a very painful drag on my elbows and right knee, dragging my left leg after me. At the stack, but what a sight! There must have been some forty dead Germans. I could not stay there, so I dragged myself along, passing a good many bodies, until I came to the bank alongside of the road. After a while I got down on the level of the road and rested. Soon I found myself to be dropping—down, down, down I seemed to be going—and then I remembered no more.

MERRY AND BRIGHT.

The mantle of Dickens' Mark Tapley, who regarded it as his duty to be cheerful in adverse circumstances, seems to have fallen on Private L. Wilson, of the Middlesex Regiment, who has sent two of the happiest letters to his relatives at Manor Park that have come so far from the seat of war.

"Just at present I am seeing some nice pictures," he writes; "shrapnel bursting all round, and the trenches are as light as day (it's nearly midnight). We are still banging away at them.

"We had a grand bayonet charge last night, and gave them hell. We only got three or four slightly wounded, whereas they lost any amount. We keep taking prisoners and sending them to the rear (to eat our grub).

"On the whole we are as cheerful as the rest. Every now and then when the firing eases up a bit we frighten the life out of them by yelling, 'Are we downhearted? No!' and after a bit they open fire and waste tens of thousands of ammunition."

OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF BAYONET CHARGE.

The mother of an officer in the Northamptonshire Regiment sends an interesting account sent by her son of the effect of a bayonet charge on the German rank and file.

The other night we captured a trench at 3 a.m. When we charged with fixed bayonets the Germans simply screamed, threw away their rifles and knapsacks, and ran! Those what remained—thirty-seven—were bayonetted and nearly all killed. Most of the wounded died afterwards. I could not keep up with the men. The German officers were brave, and were all killed at their posts. I saw three, and gave one a drink out of my waterbottle, but he died on the way to our hospital.

It was with the greatest difficulty that we could restrain our fellows from going after them, but there would have been trouble then, for the trenches were full of dead Germans, fifty, filled in their trench, and burned all their rifles, and took the contents of their knapsacks.

They aren't real soldiers like our men; but the officers are brave and capable, and their artillery most formidable. They excel in anything that can be thought out and provided for beforehand, but have little initiative, and they simply collapse if confronted with a sudden development.

BAYONET CHARGE BY GUARDS.

Cornwall Regiment Caught Like Rats in Trap.

Private Arthur Ware, of the 4th Hussars, who has arrived at his home at Redhill wounded, relates the main features of a series of engagements covering eight weeks.

The 4th Hussars, he says, were holding 2000 German infantry while the British guns were being brought into position. We drew them out under our guns, which came into action. Colonel Hogg was well in advance of his troops, and as he signalled to us to fall back he drew the fire on himself. During this retirement the enemy put fifty shells into us, but no one was hit. It was a rifle bullet which struck our colonel in the chest. We picked him up and took him to a cottage.

On the following day I had a horse killed under me, and that was the day when the cavalry had to move for their lives. It was an awful experience, and we all had narrow shaves. We were all drawn up in one long line the order having been given by General Allenby that the enemy's guns were to be charged. Just as we were about to make the charge the information was brought to us that we should meet with disaster, as in front of us were bands upon bands of wire entanglements.

We came across the Coldstream Guards. Our horses were so tired that we went into a field to off-saddle. We were ordered to take shelter in the town hall early in the morning, and had just made the horses comfortable when orders came for us to leave immediately. We had no sooner left than the town hall was bombarded and destroyed.

The Coldstream and Grenadier Guards met the on-rushing Germans, and, charging them with the bayonet, killing 840, wiped out two lines of them. The same day as we were shelled at the town hall we had our own back. The D and E Batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery were attached to us, and we found a beautiful spot for them. We were being followed by masses of Germans, and drew them over the summit of a hill, and they fell nicely into a trap—a long valley. Then the batteries opened fire on them. They fell in hundreds, and thousands tried to regain the hill. The infantry also cut them up from different positions, and they did not have a dog's chance.

It was shortly after this engagement that the Cornwalls had a bad time. They threw off their overcoats and marched into a village, and stayed there the night. The spies were at work, for the Germans got the overcoats, and, making a detour during the night, got in advance of the Cornwalls. The enemy placed their guns on the roofs of the houses, and at the dawn of day when the Cornwalls marched out they were faced with a deadly fire, and were caught like rats in a trap.

ONLY FIVE OUT OF FIFTY ESCAPE.

An ex-Harrow boy, writing home to his relatives, states that he has been attached to the mounted division of the Intelligence Service, and adds:—

"Although I am only a lieutenant, the Colonel sent me out in charge of twenty-five picked horsemen, because I had gone well over the country by daylight, and knew the principal residents personally. We knew that fifty of the enemy's cavalry had arrived in the district.

"We made our way to the village under the brow of a hill, and met by appointment an old schoolmaster over 70 years of age, who is a wonderfully active intelligence official, whom I picked up quite by chance through attending an auction sale of trophies which enterprising store dealers had collected from the battlefields on the Marne.

"It was a couple of hours after midnight. Our advanced file had located the farmstead where the enemy lay. We closed in and surrounded the buildings. At our first shot the sentry fell wounded, and the alarm was given. The tipsy men were rather slow in mounting their horses, and fell easy victims.

"Thirty endeavoured to escape, but as we had very securely 'barbed wired' the two exits from the farm on the high road we had fourteen men fall dead to our revolvers and five pierced with swords. Not more than five out of the fifty escaped. At least half the party we found were dressed in French Hussar uniforms."

IRISH GUARDS AND THE BAYONET.

Corporal E. O'Hare, of the Irish Guards, now in a military hospital in Londonderry, writes:—

It was in a bayonet charge on some of the enemy's trenches that I got knocked out, but we gave the Germans something to remember us. We walked over the bodies in the trenches just as if we were walking over solid ground, they were so full of dead Germans. Altogether I took part in five bayonet charges—twice when they charged and three times when we charged them. The first was from their cavalry, but they were made to retire a great deal quicker than they came. The next one was from their infantry, but they fared no better than the others; in fact, they fared worse, as they could not retire so quickly. I can assure you they got it hot, although they outnumbered us by a long way.

GLASGOW'S WELCOME TO HOMELESS BELGIANS.

Glasgow has welcomed with genuine Scottish hospitality and sympathy about 3000 of the unhappy Belgians who have been rendered homeless by the devastating Germans.

The Second City has risen nobly to this tragic episode in the history of the brave Belgians, and all classes have been greatly touched at the unprecedented scenes when train after train brought fresh batches of refugees.

The local members of the Belgian Relief Committee along with the general community have taken prompt means to feed, house, and comfort as far as they could the stricken Belgian refugee. A hearty response has been made to the invitation issued by the Lord Provost to the citizens to afford homes for the sufferers.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A RECRUIT.

ANECDOTES FROM THE TRAINING GROUND.

(By One of the New Naval Brigade.)

To one who has the glorious privilege of being young and accepted as fit to serve his King and country in this momentous time of danger there comes feelings of an overwhelming character.

He is filled with an exalted sense of the realities of life such as has never entered into his mind before.

While at school and while reading in his leisure of the great deeds of British valour in the past on land or sea, or discussing with his fellows the possibilities of our being at war in some remote future with Germany, the great "nation of unrest," it has probably never occurred to him, unless he was a member of the Territorials, that he would be called upon to take an active part in the conflict. But when the alternative has to be faced, the youth gives up everything—business career, friends, home—and offers himself, boldly convinced that this is the only way.

From that point he enters on a new life. His former home life and occupation belong to a chapter which is closed. Henceforth he looks on new scenes and engages in new duties, but the knowledge of the noble cause to which he is contributing his portion makes all things things of joy. Hardships and inconveniences are so many new thrills in the wonderful novelty.

The Send-Off.

We will suppose the raw lad leaves with a crowd of his townsmen by special train. All agree that they got a great send-off. And an old service man in a corner remarks that he saw nothing like it when he left for the Boer War. One wag remarks that the company will probably be taken round the Metropolis in char-a-bancs to see the sights.

One youngster hopes he won't have to sleep on hard boards, and he is immediately assured by the veteran that bedding and hot water bottles are always served out first thing. As the train stops at some big junction, the soldiers get a lusty cheer.

The Lad Who Got Lost.

When the special is leaving Carlisle, someone inquires if Jock ——— has not returned from the refreshment room. He has not, but when they reach the next junction they find him standing bareheaded on the platform with a grin that would make the Kaiser smile. He has been sent on by express, thanks to the goodness of the railway officials.

Imagine our recruit in one of the huge training grounds, under active service conditions. He experiences the peculiar feeling of being instructed in the infant class of military education. The rowdy meals and the irksomeness of a uniform grate on him somewhat. All this is only at first, however, and the new recruit rapidly becomes acclimatised. As the strangeness wears off, little human traits appear on the surface.

We have a dash at the canteen, and the post arrives. The lucky ones fall into the background to devour the contents of their letters, happy links which still connect them with home.

During spare time little crowds collect. An old cock, who just borders on the age limit, is being chaffed, and a comrade suggests that if he does not behave better he will be discharged. The old 'un remarks quite innocently, "I am —— sure I won't go back to ——— and licht lamps as lang as this job's going!" There is always something to laugh at.

The Lighter Side.

One North Country recruit was made leader of a squad of men. His orders, the truth of which the writer can vouch for, were as follows:—"Come on, lads. Fa' in twa thick! Richt turn; mairch!"

The other day macaroni was served, and a table mate on asking a chum "what that stuff was," received the reply—"It's dough, man; dough put through the mincer!"

After a week passes the recruit finds himself wondering if he is the same young fellow who used to put in his days at home in shop or office, and yawn at the monotony of it. Now he is surrounded with the instruments of war, and he begins to become accustomed to the drill and the sharp word of command.

The Blue-Blooded Company.

There is always comic relief, however, which is furnished by incidents like the following:—One day a company had been served out with blue uniforms, and had just been in the swimming baths. As they were leaving them the attendant shouted—

"Look here, you boys, I don't want any more blue-blooded brigades. You'd better get across to France, and shed your blue blood there. Look at the water!"

They turned and looked, and just as he said, the water was "blue-black" with the dye off their new uniforms.

Such incidents as these help to pass the time, and the recruit will soon be considered efficient enough to go to the front, that wonderful place surrounded by such a halo of glory which all are eager to reach.

SAVING THE GUNS.

Lieutenant A. L. Harman, R.F.A., writing to his mother, who resides at Arundel, gives an account of a skirmish. He says:—

We were told that the Germans were surrounding us, but still we had held them for six hours. We retired, one-half of the battery going down one side of the hill and the other half, with the major, Captain Lyster, and myself, down the other. Captain Lyster had slight concussion. We got into a very narrow road, where, on the steep banks, we were in ambush at a range of about twenty yards. I was with the leading gun, and my horses were shot down, the carriage turned sideways, and blocked the way forward.

The lane was far too steep and narrow to turn round, so we got out the gunners with rifles and drove the Germans back. I shot a man with my revolver as he was aiming at my lead driver. If the Germans had had any initiative they would have scuppered us. Well, here we were caught like rats in a trap.

We built barricades, and after dark the major and I went scouting, while the remainder, under Sergeant Clarke, built barricades. First we turned to the left, and ran into a German patrol about a mile out, who, however, did not spot us. On the way back we heard firing, and a party of Germans came rushing towards us. We crouched in the dark under a wall and escaped their attention. They were the men who had been driven off by the barricade.

Next we went towards Mevin, but ran into a German ammunition column, so came back. Then we went about four miles to the right, and ran into a body of troops, whom we could not recognise till we heard a non-commissioned officer say, "Walk; march." We ran to the column with joy, and I hurried back to tell the others four miles away.

HIGHLANDERS IN A CHURCH.

Piper Laurie Bell, of the Gordon Highlanders, who left the training ship Cornwall about two years ago, writing to the superintendent, says with reference to the great retirement on Paris:—

The Germans came on in great masses, driving us back all the time. In the fighting my sword snapped, leaving me only my Colt revolver. We crossed a river, and made a stand in a church. Eight hundred of us entered the church, the majority never to come out again. The Germans' bug guns ("Jack Johnsons") shelled us out.

When the officer in charge of us saw how we were being knocked over he gave the order for all men who could to bolt down the road and save themselves, saying—"The people at home will not think any the worse of you lads for it." I came out of the church with sixty more.

Private W. Greenhalgh, of the King's Own Royal Lancasters, said to me, "Look out, Jock, watch that German in front of you." I fired my revolver at him, but being wet it only missed fire. Before I could do anything more there were two reports, and I got hit in the left wrist and the left fore-arm.

The daily cost of the war to the whole of Europe is estimated at ten millions sterling, more than twenty millions of men having been mobilised.

A Long War.—Lord Curzon says he is surprised to hear folk say the war will be finished by Christmas. In his estimation it will be a few Christmases before the end is reached.

ECHOES OF THE FIGHT.

At Whitehall the average of 1000 recruits a day is being kept up.

The pride of the town of Arras, the belfry, has been ruined by the Germans.

35,000 men have joined Kitchener's Army from our eleven railway systems.

A black retriever dog for a few weeks has collected £40 for the Belgian Relief Fund.

Among the volunteers for the Sportsman's Battalion is Lord Gainsborough.

Five hundred German prisoners have arrived at Morocco from Bordeaux.

A minister in Glasgow entered the pulpit with his gown over his military uniform.

The number of Italian volunteers enlisting in the French Foreign Legion is increasing daily.

Chairmakers in High Wycombe have made 5500 wooden rifles for the purpose of instruction of recruits.

In Johannesburg an Irish regiment of 500 is being raised under the name of the South African Irish.

Prisoners taken in Russian Poland will be compelled to enlist in the German Army and fight against Russia.

Stevedores in Port Philip, Victoria, refuse to work alongside naturalised Germans and Austrians.

The stripping of the dead Germans of their uniforms is a sign of a scarcity of uniforms in Germany.

An order for 1,000,000 khaki overcoats for the Russian government has been received by a London firm.

The first instalment of the people of Ceylon's gift to the Prince of Wales' Fund is one of £10,000.

One of Kitchener's would-be recruits was rejected because he had two thumbs on one hand.

The number of L.C.C. teachers on war service is now 876, and in many boys' schools ladies are teaching.

There are 3592 employees from the London County Council on service, including Reservists and Volunteers.

A British Marine, who took part in the defence of Antwerp, has been treated for 23 bullet wounds, and is progressing.

The Belgian Fund has benefited by £120, a contribution by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia.

A gift of 50,000 cigarettes to the soldiers and sailors has been presented by the Malta Corps of the St John's Ambulance.

Lord Roberts' appeal for money for the Indian soldiers has met with a very ready response, and the total is now £39,719.

A servant girl with £5 1s 3d in the Post Office Savings Bank instructed them to forward half of it to the Prince of Wales' Fund.

The German prisoners at Frimley are erecting rifle ranges at Longmoor Camp under the guard of the National Reserve.

Despite the fact that he is 56 years of age, Farrier-Sergeant Trew has rejoined his former regiment, and is in their home camp.

The catch of 153 lbs. of fish in a competition held by the Bexhill Sea Angling Society was given to Belgian refugees.

The London City and Midland Bank, who are paying full salary during their absence to all who enlist, have had its staff decreased by 900.

Convalescent soldiers home from the front can have the use of two private boxes each evening at the Alhambra Theatre, London, free.

The Rev. C. Ensor Walters said he would rather be a soldier in the trenches than president of the London Federation of the Free Churches.

A letter issued to the Roman Catholics in Montreal, Ottawa, and Quebec, by their Archbishops urges them to be loyal to the British and Allied arms.

Two unexploded shells used in the Franco-Prussian war over 40 years ago have been found while trenches were being dug on the outskirts of Paris.

A Bavarian soldier scrawled on a door in a village east of Nancy the words "kranke frau" (invalid woman) so as to prevent his comrades destroying the house.

£214 was realised by the sale, by auction, of 13 pears for the Belgian Relief Fund. One pear brought £26, and its market value was set at 2s.

Christmas Gifts for Soldiers.—An officer from the front says the men want matches, cigarettes, soap, chocolate, writing paper, and pencils for Christmas gifts.

Germans must have small heads compared with our Tommies, as is shown by the fact that not a single German helmet brought home as trophies has been big enough to be donned by a Britisher.

While Belgian refugees are still mourning the destruction wrought by the Kaiser's Huns, the Kolnische Zeitung is callously advertising "five-day trips through devastated Belgium to view the ruined cities of Liege, Dinant, and Namur."

Kilt in War.—Letters from the front seem to indicate that the Highland regiments are beginning to find the kilt very uncomfortable in the serious business of war—especially after ten days of soaking rain, which was the experience of one of the battalions recently.

French families having relatives in the firing line have recently been flooded with letters purporting to emanate from the Commercial Bank of Basle, Switzerland, demanding sums varying from £1 to £3 on behalf of French prisoners of war who have since denied all knowledge of the missives.

What Customs Discovered.—A merchant in London—not a Briton, it may be mentioned—informed the Admiralty that he had sold ninety tons of copper for consignment to Rotterdam. The Customs officials were instructed to inspect the ship in which the metal was loaded, and found in it more than a thousand tons of copper—a metal of which Germany stands in urgent need. It is hardly necessary to add that the vessel has not yet sailed.

A GRAND BUDGET of RECITATIONS

Including

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.
LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.
THE BABY'S KISS.
HOHENLINDEN.
THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.
THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.
FOR LIBERTY.
DEATH OF DE BOUNE.
THE DYING CHIEF.
BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.
THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.
THE DYING GLADIATOR.
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.
ELIZA.
THE BUGLE SONG.
BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.
THE IRISHWOMAN'S LETTER.
THE DESERTER.
THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA.
BATTLE OF CAPE LA HOGUE.
THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.
BEFORE THE SEA FIGHT.
And many others

GIVEN WITH THIS WEEK'S

WEEKLY NEWS.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.

EXCITING RACE FROM ENEMY.

HIGHLANDERS WHO DID NOT CARE

FOR ANY NUMBER OF GERMANS.

Mr Frank Danvers Yates, who has been in Belgium since the beginning of August with a camera, taking pictures of battle scenes, and who was reported to have been captured by the Germans and shot as a British spy, has arrived in London unhurt, after some very exciting experiences and narrow escapes.

In the course of conversation he said—After the surrender of Antwerp I was in a hotel in Ghent on Monday morning. About half-past nine o'clock one of the waiters came into the room in a very excited state and told us that the Germans were in the town. An American and I with our chauffeur got our baggage on to our motor car and started off with the object of getting to Bruges as quickly as possible. When about a mile out of Ghent at a quarter past ten o'clock we came across a R.F.A. man, named Frederick John Abel, with plenty of cartridges in his belt, but without either rifle or revolver.

A Perilous Adventure.

He said that he had been sent to Ghent with a couple of sick horses, and that when the Germans entered the town he left on the advice of a Belgian soldier who was with him, and like us they were making their way to Bruges. Though we had lost the body of the car and had nothing but the chassis we made room for the two comrades in arms as well as we could, and took them aboard on the top of the baggage.

While doing this somebody suddenly shouted, "Les Allemands," and we saw a German infantryman with a rifle coming towards us on a bicycle. He was within about thirty yards of us when the chauffeur got the car restarted, and dismounting he continued firing at us until he had exhausted the five cartridges in his magazine. The first shot got the artilleryman in the leg, the second hit the Belgian soldier in the thigh, the third went clean through my thick leather suit case, the fourth went through another leather case and wrecked my camera, and the fifth went through the tyre of the off-side hind wheel, smashing one of the spokes into smithereens and damaging the rim. Not bad practice! Though I was standing on the splash board I did not get a scratch nor did the other two occupants of the car. After going for about a couple of miles as well as we could on the crippled car we stopped, and I took off the injured tyre and put it on the car in the hope of getting it repaired later. The American left us here and walked off to a house among some trees.

After crossing the canal we reached an inn, kept by some relatives of the driver. While he was overhauling the car I did what I could to dress the wounds of the two soldiers, and made the artilleryman put on some peasants' clothing, while the Belgian did likewise. Unfortunately the chauffeur reported that the car was beyond repair, as the hind wheel was badly buckled.

The Highlanders' Answer.

"After we had been at the inn about an hour and a half a company of Belgian Guides appeared on the scene, and by permission of the commanding officer we were able to place the wounded soldiers, ourselves, and our baggage on one of the ammunition cars which brought up the rear. When we had been with the Guides for about an hour and a half we came across twenty Scottish soldiers in kilts who had lost their regiment. They had with them a mule carrying a lot of spare ammunition, and they had plenty more in their pouches. We told them that there was a considerable body of Germans coming, and that they had better come with us as they would be greatly outnumbered. They said they did not care how many Germans there were; they were going to meet them and see how many they could bag.

On reaching a small village we had to leave the ammunition car as the Belgian troops were going a long way round. As soon as possible after the wounded men had been attended to by a Belgian doctor we got a wheelbarrow, put the baggage on it, and engaged two men to wheel it. For two or three miles I had to support Abel, whose leg was getting very stiff. We then met three armoured cars, one of which took us to Eecloo, whence the chief officer of a cyclist corps carried us in his car to Bruges.

GERMANS EXPELLED.

Angry Welsh Give Them 24 Hours' Notice.

The growing resentment at Aberystwyth at the action of the college authorities in bringing back Dr Ethe, the German professor, resulted in an anti-German demonstration.

The feeling was shared by all classes, and a meeting of protest was held outside Shiloh Chapel. A huge red ensign marked the meeting place, and some hundreds of people were present.

Councillor Samuel, who addressed the crowd, said there was a strong feeling among the workers and others at the return of some gentlemen from Germany. (Cheers.) They did not want any of their enemies in Aberystwyth. (Cheers.)

A procession was formed and a visit paid to the home of Dr Ethe. The crowd placed the red ensign on the step and gave its ultimatum amid cheers. Professor Marshall, who criticised the demonstration adversely, was roughly handled.

The crowd then marched to the residence of Dr Schott, who claims to be British born. Notice to quit was delivered, and he was told that his wife played the German National Anthem nightly, to the annoyance of her neighbours. Dr Schott said it was a lie.

A visit to the Belle Vue and Queen's Hotels in quest of German waiters followed, and a window was broken at the latter place.

The hunting of the Germans was continued at a local hairdresser's shop and at a pawnshop. A student who unwisely commented on the proceedings was assaulted, and blows were exchanged between the crowd and the students and their friends. It is rumoured that several aliens have left the town.

Belgian refugees were amused spectators of the demonstration. Dr Ethe has left Aberystwyth, and other Germans have promised to go at once.

WHAT GERMAN OFFICER GOT IRON CROSS FOR.

A German officer, Count Schwerin, while reconnoitring discovered that he had wandered into the French lines.

He thereupon went up to a French officer and said in English, "Will you please help me to reach the British lines? I have lost my way and am soaked to the skin. I was obliged to change into the clothes of a dead Prussian officer, and am now afraid to attempt to regain the British lines through fear of being shot."

The French officer was deceived by the Count's fluent English speech, and, remembering that the French had previously shot in mistake several English officers who bore a close resemblance to Prussians, he offered to lead the Count back to the British lines.

Count Schwerin spurred his horse, and when his French guide discovered the mistake he had made he fired, but the Count's horse stumbled, and the bullets passed over the head of the Count, who returned to the German lines uninjured. For this deed he has been awarded an Iron Cross.

HUNTING UHLANS.

"Running Like Scalded Cats."

Captain N. G. Stewart Richardson, of the North Irish Horse, writing to a friend in Belfast, says:—

The artillery firing is something hellish. This division is up against the front and centre position, and the result is not cheering to watch, there being a lot of casualties. It is the Irish Brigade here—Belfast and Dublin—and they have had a bad time. The Uhlans are just about my line. They run like scalded cats when they see you, and are always in close formation as if afraid to separate. I had a great hunt after twenty (there were five of us), and we got four dead, picking up two more afterwards. We came on them round the corner of a street, and they went like hunted deer.

The Rival Generals of the Eastern Campaign.

THE great conflict in the eastern theatre of war looks as if it were going to develop into another battle of the Aisne.

The two Generals who face each other in East Prussia—Von Hindenburg and Rennenkampf—have both sound reputations as military strategists.

General Von Hindenburg is perhaps the most picturesque figure in respect that he is in his 66th year, and was recalled from his retirement to take command of the German forces in the eastern campaign.

Most Popular German General.

He is the one officer in the German army who enoys the widest popularity throughout the German Empire. Strangely enough, he also enjoys the confidence of the men of his own class. His fellow-officers neither begrudge him his popularity nor condemn him for it. He is characterised as an unpretentious and unassuming old fellow, and is the only German General who has been uniformly victorious.

Von Hindenburg was at the plough when the war trumpet sounded on August 1; not literally, perhaps, but indeed figuratively. Retired three years ago, he had been living without military responsibility on his estate in Posen, near where he was born.

Then, when the Russian armies were rushing down into Prussia there came a call to the obscure little village where General Hindenburg was residing. He was ordered to take principal command of the Kaiser's armies appointed to meet the forces of the Czar.

He was so far successful as to check the Russian advance; how his armies will fare in the immediate future against Rennenkampf and his Cossacks is another matter.

A Very Ordinary Record.

Hindenburg in 1885 became a major, and served with troops. Then he went back to the General Staff, and was afterwards detailed to the head of a bureau in the office of the Minister of War, a post of prime consequence to a young man in his forties.

In 1893 he became the colonel of the 91st Regiment of Infantry, and a few years later was appointed chief of the Staff to the commander of the 8th Army Corps. In 1900 he was created a major-general and made commander of the 28th Division, and he filled the position of commander of the 4th Army Corps before being retired in 1911 by the War Council and the Kaiser.

Rather an ordinary record. That is, it does not on its face explain why he should be chosen to command all the armies on the Russian frontier in the greatest of wars. The Kaiser, however, must have had good opinion of his strength and ability.

With his appointment came his advance to the rank of general-oberst (over-general). This is the rank between that of general and field-marshal. It is not held in any army other than the German.

Where the Russian Has the Advantage.

General Rennenkampf has seen active service, and in that respect has the advantage of his rival. He was one of the few Russian generals who came out of the Russo-Japanese War with an enhanced military reputation. He emerged from that war with the confidence of the Russian Throne, and was selected to suppress the revolutionary outbreaks at points reaching from Vladivostok to Irkutsk which accompanied demobilisation of the Russian Grand Army.

General Rennenkampf suppressed revolution. He had been the most dramatic figure on the position in Manchuria, especially when in command of the detachment, amounting almost to a corps, moving around Marshal Oyama's right flank. It was to his detachment that the Austrian military attache came to observe the military qualities of the Cossack, which both the Germans and Austrians were watching so as to determine what the Cossack menace would be on the German and Austrian frontiers in the coming general European war, which was then already discussed.

Protesting Against Retreat.

He was a fierce opponent of the retreat from Mukden. He always protested against retreat during all that disastrous Russian campaign, and sometimes when he would receive a despatch from some commander on the line, saying he must retire unless he received reinforcements, Rennenkampf would reply that if he retreated his name would be stricken from the army.

At his headquarters he would allow no one to discuss peace. The subject was taboo. In the battle of Mukden when retreat was ordered Rennenkampf telegraphed asking the commander-in-chief to permit him to hold his position, which he had maintained against daily assault for eight days.

Rennenkampf had a captain of Cossacks who whipped a young noble under him for cowardice under fire. This was against the law of the state. Rennenkampf took responsibility for the act, and telegraphed the young man's father that he was whipping his son for cowardice, and got the father's thanks for administering the deserved punishment.

During the Japanese War he was promoted commander of an army corps, and he spent all his time in a little round summer-house which had been built for him in the garden in front of his house, where he could be seen at all hours, even until late at night, working out on maps and papers the problems of the vast region of East Manchuria which he patrolled. He left the officers of his staff and their guests unmolested in the mess room, where they might discuss alone the European and American telegrams, and even privately mention peace, but he would have none of it.

Early in the war Kuropatkin, commanding the Russian grand army in Manchuria, detached Rennenkampf from a small command on his right flank in Mongolia and sent him over the Taling, or "Great Pass," to worry the Japanese right flank. It was here, in the battle that followed, that Rennenkampf held General Eck's infantry to their positions until some of their units had lost 65 per cent. of their numbers. He is now again found upon the enemy's flank on a mission of similar daring and determination. Rennenkampf's instructions for his recent raid into Prussia were to penetrate with the forces as far as possible regardless of cost. He was to personate the thunderbolt, and it was the shock of his raid that elicited from the Kaiser those messages of compassion which he addressed to his suffering subjects in East Prussia.

A Dare-Devil Band.

Rennenkampf had under him Madritoff's notorious band of mounted Cossacks, the most picturesque and dare-devil in the army. The prowess of these Cossacks is remarkable, said a correspondent recently. As scouts they are unequalled. At all times their horsemanship enables them to deal successfully with the cavalry of the enemy four or five times superior in number. Their horses are skilled to every conceivable trick. A Cossack horse will drop dead under its rider and at the word spring up at the next moment. The rider combines all the art of the circus performer and Red Indian with perfect command of the horse, and the horses are as handy as polo ponies.

Much water has flower under the bridge of military affairs in Russia since the Russo-Japanese War, however, and there is another picture of Rennenkampf's raid that is very expressive of his genius. It is the reported story from one of the Russian Red Cross men, who said:—"I was walking beside one of our carts listening to the sound of heavy artillery, when shouts warned us to get off the road. We did so, and not less than a hundred huge motor trucks thundered past, closely packed, each carrying about thirty men, and travelling at not less than forty miles an hour. That was Rennenkampf reinforcing his threatened flank."

Worrying His Enemy.

This is a modern picture of the methods of General von Hindenberg's opponent, who doubtless has been despatched to the Russian right flank by the Grand Duke Nicholas for the same reason that Kuropatkin despatched him to the Russian left flank. He has been one of the most loyal subjects of the Czar, and one of the most determined fighters of all the Czar's chiefs. His military characteristic is that of applying himself intensely to the task of worrying his enemy. He did this in Manchuria, and he is doing it in East Prussia.

General Von Hindenburg.

BETTER DAY DAWNING FOR POLAND.

Out of evil shall come good. And one result of this great upheaval in Europe will be the ushering in of a better day for those States and nationalities which have hitherto groaned under the heel of the conqueror and oppressor.

That this is no wildly optimistic statement based on a visionary fabric is shown by the promise of the Czar to grant autonomy to Poland. The end of the war shall see Poland a united nation once again.

Poland is to be resurrected—an old nation will come back to life—a nation of more than 25,000,000 souls in the heart of Europe, which in the past gave to the world much of its civilisation, its culture, and its ideals of freedom.

A Land Where there is No Joy.

No country has been subjected to such ruthless persecution as Poland. The press is severely censored; the people have no hope of justice from the aliens who preside over the courts of law, and in some parts of the country they are forbidden to speak their own language.

Roman Catholic priests, like ticket-of-leave men, are forbidden to leave their parishes without police permission. They are subject to fine, imprisonment, and deportation if, for instance, they obey their consciences instead of the constables, and heed a deathbed call while on a visit away from home, or if someone reports that they read the prayers for the safety of the Imperial family with less than due care.

Of the conditions of his country a Polish writer comments thus:—

"The world has read many, many articles about the tyranny of the Czar. Not one small part has yet been told of the silent sorrow of every Polish home, bereaved of its youth and its culture by the grasping hand of tyranny. Not only have the poor people been downtrodden and made to suffer, but the class that has given to the world the genius of art, literature, and music have been crushed beneath the burdens of our people imposed by the iron rule of Russia.

"In the homes of other lands, where families meet, there laughter and joy reign; in the land of all the Russias, overshadowed by the frozen North, where brothers, sisters, and fathers are languishing, there can be no joy. Is it any wonder that this great proclamation has been seized upon as the one great hope, that the people have gone mad with joy at the thought that at last their beloved ones are to be reunited in language, in church, and in freedom. Through this great stroke of diplomacy the hopeless has been given the elixir of hope."

German Tyranny Worse Than Russian.

While the treatment of the Poles at the hands of Russia has been bad enough, the Prussian rule, long an outrage on decency, has been even worse. In Prussian Poland the German educational machine has been converted into an instrument of Teutonic propaganda, and all the devices to strengthen naval credit have been used to further a policy of Polish expropriation. Prussian wealth has been used to buy out Poles and plant Prussian farms on Polish soil.

It is too much to say of this scheme that it has broken down, for it was never really set going. Some of the settlers disappeared, bought out, it would appear, by the Poles whom they had dispossessed. Others intermarried and were absorbed. In any case the high Polish birth rate made it impossible to diminish the Polish mass, whose solidarity was only intensified by the prohibition of their language.

But all the cruel and terrific measures to Russianise and Germanise the Poles have been in vain. Against superhuman odds they still retain their nationality, and the surprising fact is they are constantly growing in national strength. Their conquerers stand amazed and bewildered by their own inability to break the spirit of the conquered. Abuse and oppression has served only to strengthen and unite the Polish people.

Poland's Great Artists and Heroes.

It is this people who have given to the world those renowned artists—Marcella Sembrich, operatic soprano; Frederic Chopin, composer; Ignace Jan Paderewski, virtuoso; and Helen Modjeska, dramatic artiste; Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," and many others of equal genius. Copernicus, the great astronomer, was a Pole. Their greatest King was Jan Sobieski (1674-1696), whose brilliant military talent and bravery saved Vienna and perhaps the entire Christian world from the Turks, when with 30,000 Poles and 40,000 Germans he put to rout 300,000 Turks under Kara Mustapha. To every Polish heart the name of Kosciusko brings a thrill. He is their immortal hero, their William Wallace.

The present day interpreter of Poland is Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis." A recent despatch states that Sienkiewicz has appealed to Austrian Poles to desert the cause of Austria and pledge their loyalty to Russia. This appeal seems to indicate that Sienkiewicz has faith in the Czar's promise and that Poland will enjoy the luxury of autonomy if Russia is victorious.

General Rennenkampf.

What Americans Think of the War.

BUSTED.

New York World.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Louisville Times.

GERMAN RELIGIOUS ART—1914.

INTENDED FOR A CATHEDRAL WINDOW.

New York Herald.

BELIEVE ME!"

Brooklyn Eagle.

THE RECONCILIATION.

New York World.

THE AGE OF "EFFICIENCY."

Chicago Daily News.

METROPOLITAN MOVIES.

Stockbroker—"Say, Bill, just because a crazy Servian shoots an Austrian Archduke, we gotta wear our straw hats into October."

New York World.

STRICTLY NEUTRAL.

Chicago Daily Tribune.

BLOTTED OUT.

New York Evening Telegram.

METROPOLITAN MOVIES.

EVERYBODY SATISFIED.

New York World.

JAMES QUINN AGAIN IN ACTION.

AYR UNITED MAKING INTERESTING HISTORY.

ALL THE LEAGUE GAMES UNDER REVIEW.

Some surprises.

Third Lanark brought off a fine win at Aberdeen.

Airdrie did the heavy at Boghead, whose terrors are no more.

Hearts moved North and took the gilt off the Dundee gingerbread won at Brockville.

Rangers slipped up to Ayr, but the Chickens slipped it across the Light Blues by two clear goals.

The Hamilton "Accies," following their handsome win over the "Sons," showed that it was no mere flash in the pan. They went to Edinburgh and rounded up the Hibs 2-0.

And Kilmarnock came to St Mungo and ran Partick Thistle to a goalless draw.

THE DONS DOWN.

And Hearts still hold a long lead in the race. Rangers' whipping at Somerset Park caused Ibrox to lose precious ground. Ayr's advance is steady and sure. With the Celts they are level pegging for second place.

The match at Pittodrie was stubbornly contested. But Thirds won on their merits. They finished better—were more ready to take advantage of chances. Aberdeen's attack was never particularly happy, and won't be as it ought to be till the line reads—Soye, Walker, Cail, Main, and Archibald. The right wing was weak against the Warriors' Powerful defence, and the Cathkin attack has never played better at Pittodrie. Browster's absence weakened the home backbone a little, and a lot of extra labour was thrust upon the Dons' backs.

Thirds' general play was quite satisfactory. Gibb has turned out a capital capture at right back. His performance was good all through. He gains in confidence and power every week. The Cathkin middle line was sound and safe, giving little away, and repeatedly turning in skilful fashion the movement of the Aberdeen forwards, whose outfield work was often clever. The Glasgow van was nippy all the while. Riley and his mate travelled in fine style, giving Chatwin and Colman no rest. Altogether it was a creditable victory—a victory going to the side who took the straight road toward goal.

DUMBARTON'S DEBACLE.

Dumbarton were nearly outclassed at Boghead. At times the 'Onians were all over them. The result was a big surprise to the "Sons" supporters, who were inclined to be easy over the big beating at Douglas Park last week. Since their sensational victory over Hearts, Dumbarton have never been in the limelight, and, taking their form against Hamilton and Airdrie, there is ground for assuming that in breaking the Edinburgh club's record they were exceedingly lucky to catch the Tynecastle men somewhat under par.

Against the 'Onians the Sons never looked like being in the hunt. In defence and attack they were inferior. There was no lack of pluck and push—too much push at times—but the entire eleven never got into joint, never got moving with any harmony. The 'Onians were, in comparison, like needles—sharp and nippy—with their half backs keeping an iron grip on the Boghead forwards. Rowan and Co. got into the picture, but they were kept pretty much in the background, and, besides, they never shone as precise finishers, which had something to do with the score. In the danger area there was precious little doing.

The 'Onians made ample amends for previous shortcomings. Reid led the attack with all his old vim and dash, spreading the play out in telling fashion. Dumbarton's defence got it warm. It got it so warm that it repeatedly faltered before the swinging work of five clever forwards. Templeman, Thomson, Reid, Donaldson, and Paterson made up the best quintette of attackers seen at Boghead this season. In Miller, the 'Onians have booked a sound half-back. They paid a pretty price for him—if all stories be true—but he is proving value for the money. Airdrie have a very serviceable side. Dumbarton Directors must see to it that the weaknesses obvious enough in this encounter are strengthened. They are at back, half, and forward.

QUINN'S RETURN.

The event of the week-end in the Scottish football world was the return of James Quinn. After a lengthy absence he reappeared in the Celtic team. Only twice was he on view last season—once in an out League match and in a Cup tie at home. On both these occasions he was visibly unfit.

Since then he has until quite recently rested his weak knee. The announcement that he was to play against Falkirk came as a surprise. Most people thought Quinn's day was done—even Quinn himself had his doubts about his fitness to fill again the position he had adorned so long. However, he trotted out. There was a big crowd to give him welcome—a crowd very much larger than would have been the case had there been no Quinn playing. He retains his popularity. This was emphasised by the great cheer which broke forth when he entered the arena. It must have gone to the veteran's heart—straight. It was a fine tribute to him.

And while he, with the others, kicked in waiting for the start, the crowd cheered every time the ball went to Quinn's foot. He is still a hero. Packhead was Celtic head-quarters at Easter Road. The "Accies" played spry football, and at times their play touched quite a high standard. There was good understanding in the attack, which was continually a source of great worry to the Easter Road defence. Kyle came out of his shell with clever leading work, and the thrustfulness of Hanlon, Stewart, and Husband helped in Hamilton's first win in Edinburgh for a very long time. M'Namee was very prominent at centre-half, and had a great deal to do with the impotency of Hibs' attack.

It was here the Easter Road weakness lay. The five gave occasional glimpses of genius, but on the whole their exhibition was far below First League class. Hendren was the pick of the lot. In defence Hibs were well served by Girdwood, Templeton, and Paterson. Willie Allan was a notable absentee, but even he could not have saved the shots which gave the Accies their goals.

OTHER GAMES.

It was a dreadfully poor game at Hampden Park. Play never rose beyond a second-rate level, and the game is not worth more than a line of criticism. A duller game has not been seen on the historic ground for many a day. There was not a gleam of class play. The game was a scramble all through, and unworthy of both clubs. Certainly a better performance was expected from the Glasgow Cupholders. Both sides lost in reputation by the show, and while Clyde managed to scrape home they were little, if any, better than Queen's. However, they bagged the points, which is the main thing.

At Fir Park there was a ding-dong struggle for mastery, but the battle was drawn. Motherwell fought fiercely to beat Morton. The pace was a cracker all the time, with the exchanges very equal—the pace was, indeed, so fast that the quality of the play suffered. A draw was a fairly good reflection of the run of the game. Grey and Fairgray made a smart Motherwell left wing, while Waugh was clever and very useful at inside left. M'Stey was the prominent man in defence. The veterans Stark and May were leading lights in Morton's rearguard, and Buchanan the strongest man ahead.

St Mirren's draw at Station Park was very creditable; for they have hitherto suffered rather badly there. They deserved their point—playing lovely football in the first period. Clark, in the centre, was below par a little, but the team as a whole was sound. Scott, who took Gibson's place on the Rovers' left, played a great game, and Morrison was head and shoulders the best back on the field. Raith were weak at centre-forward, and the Directors have this problem still to solve.

This triumphal progress of Ayr United is due in large measure to our friend Tom Steen. He knows more about football than the financial side of it. For Ayr to beat Celtic and Rangers on successive Saturdays is something which oor auld freen Rabbie micht hae had something to write about.

RUSHED BY WIRE AND MESSENGER

FROM SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH PRESS BOXES AND PAVILIONS.

RANGERS LAGGING IN THE RACE FOR THE FLAG.

Dundee had two "clubs" at Dens Park, but Hearts were trump.

According to Referee Murray and Linesman Kerr, the disputed goal at Firhill was no goal.

Take Andrew Cunningham out of Killie's team, and W. Cunningham is one of the few worth noticing.

Tom Sinclair was of opinion that Kilmarnock were endeavouring to do no more against Partick than to keep the goal scoring down.

There won't be any need to inquire one of these Saturdays—"Where's Ayr?" They'll be in the immediate rear of Tynecastle.

Is it really true that there is discord in the Aberdeen camp? That result against Third Lanark won't please.

Fancy this! I heard it said at Firhill that G. S. Ramsay would have to buck up if he is to keep his place in "oor team."

Anybody want a goalkeeper? Tom Sinclair is thinking about applying for a free transfer. He said so to me at Firhill. He has been two years out of the game, of course.

I might as well tell the Partick people that if they want to get into the carpet weaving trade they cannot do better than retain their present halfbacks and forwards.

You'll hear of changes in the Rangers' team certain. Old Alick will come in, and Jimmy Gordon will be in the place for which he is best suited—at right half. Wait!

Isn't it strange how Third Lanark can always play so well at Pittodrie? If "Cail" had been off you might have said that the "Dons" were in the soup.

I wonder what the Tottenham people are hunting around Glasgow for this weather? It is very draughty in the trains, I am sure. Who said anything about a forward?

It will be of interest to those at Ibrox who are mourning the falling off of the Light Blues that R. C. Hamilton is of opinion that the Rangers' forwards have gone stale.

It was out of respect for Tom Reid that the Thistle players wore a white band on their arms. He was a good, kindly fellow. Reverence to his memory. Three weeks ago he was at Firhill.

Porters are never very smart, but Porter, of Raith Rovers, is an exception. His play against St Mirren was great. Clark knows that, albeit the Saints were two up at the interval.

Whittle was keen as a razor to make amends for the disappointment at Ibrox on Tuesday. He was pounced upon, however, at every turn. On one occasion no fewer than four Kilmarnock defenders closed round him.

Pat Gallagher was in great form against the Bairns. Getting the goal, of course, was to his credit, but the manner in which he got it is evidence of how fast he has developed from an obscure junior into a brilliant First League forward. It's all right! Pat's head is screwed on the right way.

Has the Thistle lost its jag?

Hearts keep on beating.

We shall have to keep our eye on Paisley yet.

What no fellah can understand—Why Kilmarnock should be where they are.

Armour, of Kilmarnock, is one of the fastest outside rights I have seen. I must really write to Walter Knox about him.

A comment heard at Firhill when Cunningham's goal was knocked off—"If the lights had been out it wouldn't have been so bad!"

The success of Hearts is a triumph to a man who is not so well liked as he should be—John M'Cartney.

Was there anybody present at the burial of the Mid-Week League. Never got an invitation to the funeral.

One of the linesmen at Firhill was mistaken for "Dadler" Aitken. He certainly bore a striking resemblance to the—to the—where is he now, by the way?

Willie Ward is a bit of a humorist. I remarked to him at half-time, "What about that goal?" "Has there been any scoring?" was his reply. A wily chap is "W. W."

Wasn't Willie Whittle once at Kilmarnock? He possesses the necessary driving force which would make all the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful team.

What do you think was in the selectors' minds when they overlooked the claims of Davy M'Lean for the centre forward position against Glasgow? I dunno.

I don't think you will see Fred Gibson in the Raith team for a bit. Willie Barr will have to put in a lot of elbow grease if I am wrong.

He wasn't playing against Dundee, but there isn't a grain of truth in the suggestion that Wilson, of Hearts, desires to leave Tynecastle. Nail the lie to the counter!

A wonderful influence Jimmy Quinn still holds upon the people. The crowd at Parkhead was a compliment to him. Falkirk people may not think so, but they are wrong.

Saw a Southern League manager at Ayr. He was just up North for his health. Cairns, however, he confided to a friend of mine, is a budding Internationalist. Anything in the wind?

Why isn't Johnny Richardson given complete command when it comes to the choosing of the Raith team? He knows something more about the business than one or two of those who control affairs.

Dundee players literally melted away when they retired at Dens Park. If they hadn't had to get their "togs" on, they would have got away quicker than the crowd. They expected one point at least. So Hogg told me.

When we are hearing such good news from the Dutch coast, it will come as an additional pleasure to know that Dan M'Phail, one of the Hibs' reserve custodians last year, has so far escaped the German shells. He has made no endeavour to catch them, I may say.

Glancy is not playing up to his early reputation.

Fancy Tom Sinclair telling me there "isn't a good team in England."

I don't think there can be any doubt about it—Hearts for the championship!

Branscombe will have to give over trying to break the crossbar. Timber is extremely expensive at the present time.

I don't know what Andrew Cunningham's intentions are, but he ought to see to "Keen's" intentions. He's mustard.

Why did Referee R. T. Murray have to consult his linesmen when it was so palpable that a goal had been scored at Firhill?

Rangers' fall at Somerset Park to Ayr is their first away defeat of the season. Would you have believed it if I hadn't told you?

Thirty-four goals were scored in Scottish First Division football last Saturday. This week, twenty-three. Good for the defenders. Different conditions, of course.

When Rangers are going so rocky, it is interesting to note that Bobby Parker has scored six goals in the last two matches. Or is it seven? I must look up.

Billy Hogg served up a great game against Hearts. It was not quite the equal of his display at Falkirk, but it was certainly no fault of his that Dundee went down.

Have you heard that Bobby Simpson, late of Aberdeen, has decided to give up the game? I hope the rumour isn't true. There's football in him yet.

One of the most notable of Raith Rovers' forwards against St Mirren was Jimmy Scott. He is only 19 years of age, and hails from that famous summer resort, Airdrie.

I don't think R. T. Murray, referee, need go in the Kilmarnock direction in search of a testimonial—not at least from what I heard at Firhill.

I have often advocated the claims of the "Rattler." His time is coming. Thistle cannot afford to keep him out of their team. The sooner they realise it the better.

Jimmy Philip must be apprised of this fact. Aberdeen have only scored two goals in their last five League engagements. Something will have to be done. Not a bad performance of Thirds', all the same.

There's no stopping Manchester City, the most marvellous and most miraculous team in the League. They walked round Notts County beautifully. What team will be the first to lower their colours?

It ought to surprise you, if it doesn't, that in their away League matches the Aberdeen players travel over 5000 miles in a season. Their six visits to Glasgow represent 1800 miles.

The value of Wallace's reach was seen against St Mirren. But for him there would have been no draw at Stark's Park. He stands 6 ft. 3 in., and is still growing. Three inches short of two feet and he'll touch the crossbar with his head.

CLYDE'S MARCH TO VICTORY.

Clyde are the winners of the first of our season's honours. They have surprised a few people by coming out victorious. Our photograph includes Gilligan, Thomson, M'Turk, Black, and Leddy.

The referee who is best versed in the theoretical interpretation of the laws of the game is undoubtedly Alick Edwards. He is a gentleman to boot—aye, to the very finger tips.

Do you know what I am going to tell you? Fred Gibson is to have something to do to "get back." Scott played a great game at outside left—his original position—against St Mirren.

Clyde are not likely to be swamped this year. They were burned out, it is true, but if they keep drowning the hopes of aspirants to the League honours the Directors won't mind.

Clyde, Glasgow Cup holders and all as they are, have hard put to it to get the better of Queen's Park. What a strange crowd the Amateurs are! Give them the seeming impossible to accomplish and they'll sink a few battleships at anchor in the Kiel Canal.

Right good performance that of the Accies! To beat the Hibs at Easter Road takes some doing. By the way, if they should be in need of a centre forward, they might do worse than have a look at their old friend Bain, of Armadale.

It may interest those of you who follow the fortunes of Falkirk that Robertson, the centre forward who made his appearance against Celtic, scored twenty-six goals last season. He couldn't find the net at Parkhead. What's wrong?

Do you know what I think is wrong with Killie? I have watched them a few times now, and I am convinced that they are too much intent upon defending. Their scoring quintette do not receive that support which should be theirs. Fact!

Against Partick Andrew Cunningham, as an inside right, was a great star. He was seen as a right half, a centre half, a left half, and an inside right. He occasionally wormed his way into the centre position. Selectors don't recognise him all the same.

I was asked point blank whether that goal which Cunningham scored at Firhill was a legitimate goal. It was. Moreover, the said Bob Murray, referee, was not in position to decide in his own mind as to the claims of those who held up their hands—in a red jersey.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Hearts,	11	10	1	0	25	6	20
Celtic,	11	9	2	3	26	12	15
Ayr United,	11	7	3	1	17	7	15
Rangers,	10	6	3	1	16	12	13
Morton,	10	4	1	5	22	8	13
Airdrieonians,	10	5	3	2	15	10	12
Third Lanark,	10	4	3	3	18	15	11
St Mirren,	10	4	3	3	13	11	11
Hamilton Academicals,	10	4	4	2	15	13	10
Clyde,	9	4	4	1	9	11	9
Aberdeen,	11	3	5	3	11	12	9
Dumbarton,	11	3	5	3	19	25	9
Dundee,	11	3	5	3	9	20	9
Falkirk,	10	3	5	2	9	13	8
Raith Rovers,	11	2	5	4	14	18	8
Hibs,	12	2	6	4	11	22	8
Partick Thistle,	8	3	4	1	9	12	7
Queen's Park,	10	2	5	3	14	19	7
Motherwell,	10	3	6	1	15	20	7
Kilmarnock,	10	2	7	1	10	10	5

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	8	5	0	3	17	5	13
Clydebank,	8	5	2	1	20	11	11
St Bernard,	9	5	3	1	11	11	11
East Stirlingshire,	7	5	1	1	11	6	9
Abercorn,	8	3	3	2	14	14	8
Leith,	8	3	3	2	12	11	8
St Johnstone,	8	3	3	2	19	15	8
Albion Rovers,	9	3	4	2	13	17	8
Dunfermline Athletic,	9	3	4	2	13	14	8
Johnstone,	6	2	2	2	10	13	6
Dundee Hibernian,	9	2	5	2	11	26	6
Vale of Leven,	6	2	3	1	9	11	5
Lochgelly United,	6	1	4	1	7	17	3
Arthurlie,	7	0	4	3	9	14	3

LEADING RESULTS.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Aberdeen,	1	Third Lanark,	2
Dumbarton,	1	Airdrieonians,	4
Ayr United,	2	Rangers,	0
Celtic,	1	Falkirk,	0
Queen's Park,	0	Clyde,	0
Dundee,	1	Hearts,	2
Hibernian,	0	Hamilton Acas.,	2
Partick Thistle,	0	Kilmarnock,	2
Motherwell,	1	Morton,	1
Raith Rovers,	2	St Mirren,	2

Second Division.

Cowdenbeath,	1	St Johnstone,	0
Bellshill Athletic,	1	Dunfermline Athletic,	2
Albion Rovers,	2	Dundee Hibs,	4
East Stirlingshire,	0	Leith Athletic,	1
St Bernard,	2	Clydebank,	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Aston Villa,	3	Burnley,	3
Blackburn Rovers,	3	Sunderland,	2
Bolton Wanderers,	4	Sheffield Wednesday,	0
Bradford,	3	Chelsea,	0
Liverpool,	2	Bradford City,	1
Manchester United,	0	West Bromwich A.,	0
Middlesbrough,	1	Newcastle United,	0
Notts County,	0	Manchester City,	2
Oldham Athletic,	1	Everton,	1
Sheffield United,	1	Tottenham Hotspur,	1

Second Division.

Arsenal,	2	Blackpool,	0
Barnsley,	2	Preston North End,	1
Clapton Orient,	0	Derby County,	1
Fulham,	2	Huddersfield Town,	0
Glossop,	3	Bury,	0
Hull City,	0	Birmingham,	1
Leeds City,	0	Wolverhampton Wan.,	1
Leicester Fosse,	3	Notts Forest,	1
Stockport County,	1	Grimsby Town,	1
Wolverhampton Wan.,	2	Bristol City,	2

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Southend U.,	1	Gillingham,	1
Swindon Town,	2	Brighton and Hove,	1
Portsmouth,	0	Cardiff City,	2
Aston Town,	0	Exeter City,	1
Q.P. Rangers,	1	Norwich City,	1
Millwall Athletic,	1	West Ham United,	2
Bristol Rovers,	2	Plymouth Argyll,	1
Croydon Common,	0	Watford,	1
Reading,	2	Northampton,	1
Southampton,	2	Crystal Palace,	1

QUALIFYING CUP.

Third Round.

King's Park,	0	Alloa Athletic,	1

Fourth Round.

Dumfries,	1	Vale of Leven,	0
Broxburn United,	3	Gala Fairydean,	0
Forres Mechanics,	2	Inverness Caledonian,	1

SECOND ELEVEN CUP.

Semi-Final.

Falkirk A,	2	Q.P. Strollers,	1

RESERVE LEAGUE.

St Mirren A,	2	Raith Rovers A,	1
Clyde A,	0	Kilmarnock A,	0
Third Lanark A,	0	Galston,	2
Hearts A,	4	Partick Thistle A,	2
Morton A,	2	Ayr United A,	2

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Arbroath,	1	Forfar Athletic,	3
Armadale,	2	East Fife,	1
Stenhousemuir,	1	Bathgate,	0

SCOTTISH UNION.

Royal Albert,	1	Wishaw Thistle,	2

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP.

Strathclyde,	1	Parkhead,	0
Benburb,	1	Ashfield,	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Vale of Clyde,	2	Clydeback J miors,	0
Bellshill Athletic,	3	Shettleston,	2
Petershill,	5	Parkhiihill,	1
Glenfarn,	0	Cambuslang Rangers,	1
Rob Roy,	2	Maryhill,	1

Bolton Wanderers are the mystery team of the season. Fancy having scored twenty-two goals and are sixth from the bottom of the table!

Fifteen minutes had gone at Parkhead before Quinn touched the ball, and when he slipped it out to Browning the resulting effort called out all that was best in Alick Stewart.

It was said of W. Cunninghame, of Kilmarnock, that he wandered a bit against Partick. Yes, but he wandered to some purpose. It was one or two of his opponents who were wandered.

Would you believe that Harry Graham was bought by Raith Rovers for £50 from Birmingham, and would you believe certain of the Raith Directors didn't think him worth that sum? Ask his price now.

One of the happiest men in Glasgow was Alick Raisbeck. To go to Easter Road and bag a brace of points is distinctly good business. What's gone wrong with Girdwood and Templeton? Are they unequal to the strain?

Celtic can draw the crowd. They in themselves are magnetic, but when Quinn is on the job they are extra magnetic. No wonder Celtic keep him on their books. He is worth signing on even for his personality.

Yes, sir, it is quite true that since Jimmy Gordon joined the Rangers he has played left and right back, centre forward, inside right, and all positions in the middle line. This item of news may be of interest at Ibrox.

I was one of a very independent company of four, and there was no doubt in any of our minds as to what should have been the verdict. It was not in accordance with the official decision.

Poor Chelsea! Even the lowly Bradford can do it on them! It was a regular Anglo-Scottish encounter at Park Avenue, but Tom Maley's men managed to "get there." It was not before time.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Manchester City,	8	6	0	2	14	5	14
Sheffield Wednesday,	9	6	2	1	22	10	13
Oldham Athletic,	8	5	1	2	19	12	12
Middlesbrough,	8	5	1	2	15	11	12
Everton,	8	3	3	2	13	10	10
Blackburn Rovers,	9	4	5	0	16	14	10
West Bromwich A.,	9	3	5	1	12	9	7
Newcastle United,	9	3	5	1	11	7	7
Sheffield United,	8	2	2	4	9	9	8
Liverpool,	9	3	4	2	14	24	8
Bradford City,	8	3	3	2	12	10	8
Aston Villa,	8	3	3	2	12	17	8
Burnley,	8	3	3	2	11	9	8
Sunderland,	9	3	4	2	16	18	8
Bolton Wanderers,	10	3	6	1	22	26	7
Bradford,	8	3	6	0	11	20	6
Manchester United,	8	2	4	2	8	11	6
Chelsea,	8	2	4	2	10	15	6
Tottenham Hotspur,	9	1	4	4	12	19	6
Chelsea,	8	1	4	3	8	16	5

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
The Arsenal,	9	6	1	2	19	6	14
Huddersfield Town,	9	6	1	2	18	8	14
Bristol City,	9	5	2	2	18	8	12
Preston North End,	9	4	2	3	13	10	11
Bury,	9	4	3	2	16	14	10
Clapton Orient,	9	3	3	3	10	9	9
Grimsby Town,	9	3	3	3	9	11	9
Hull City,	9	4	4	1	10	8	9
Derby County,	9	4	4	1	14	11	9
Barnsley,	8	4	3	1	9	14	9
Fulham,	9	4	4	1	14	15	9
Wolverhampton Wan.,	9	3	3	3	10	11	9
Stockport County,	8	3	3	2	7	8	8
Birmingham,	9	3	5	1	10	10	7
Leeds City,	9	2	5	2	12	14	6
Notts Forest,	9	2	5	2	12	21	6
Lincoln City,	9	2	6	1	12	20	5
Glossop,	9	2	6	1	11	14	5
Leicester Fosse,	9	2	6	1	9	14	5
Blackpool,	8	2	6	0	10	15	4

MANCHESTER CITY STILL UNBEATEN.

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY'S NOTABLE PERFORMANCE.

GREAT STRUGGLE FOR FIRST PLACE IN LEAGUE II.

Manchester City are still undefeated. They went further ahead by reason of their meritorious win over the Lambs at Nottingham. Oldham Athletic dropped a point at home to Everton. This divide leaves the Athletic two points behind the leaders.

Sheffield Wednesday accomplished the best performance by handsomely whipping the Wanderers at Bolton, and rising to the third position in the tournament. Middlesbro' slipped back owing to their failure to beat Newcastle at Ayresome Park. Bradford, strengthened by Scattergood, from Derby County, and Crosser, from Middlesbro', easily defeated the costly Chelsea brigade at Park Avenue.

Blackburn Rovers, playing at home, got two valuable points at the expense of Sunderland, who seem to be going from bad to worse. Liverpool's victory over Bradford City came at an opportune time, and Aston Villa's 3-3 draw with Burnley was quite satisfactory to the latter. Chelsea are again last in the race with the other London club in the tournament—the 'Spurs—keeping them close company.

In the Second Division the Arsenal and Huddersfield Town are going splendidly for first place. Meanwhile the Gunners lead on goal average.

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY, 3
BOLTON WANDERERS, ... 0

At Bolton in dull weather, and before 20,000 spectators. Bolton, who had Edmondson and Feebery back in the defence, started merrily. Smith shooting against the bar, and Davison saving luckily from Roberts. Wednesday had a fair share of the play afterwards, but both defences were very sound. M'Lean, however, broke through to score after thirty-six minutes. Wilson almost got a second. Bolton pressed hotly, but in vain. Interval—Sheffield Wednesday, 1; Bolton Wanderers, 0.

Play in the second half opened in favour of Bolton. A penalty was awarded against Bentley, who tripped Vizard, and Feebery's shot was saved by Davison. Immediately afterwards M'Lean got a second goal for the visitors after fourteen minutes. This goal came from a throw-in. Bolton were demoralised for a time, and Glennon got a third goal for Sheffield. Edmondson saved finely from M'Lean. Bolton was badly beaten.

ASTON VILLA, ... 3
BURNLEY, ... 3

In dull weather before 15,000 spectators. Villa won the toss, and Freeman started. Burnley showed up prominently at the outset, and after seven minutes' play, following good forward work, Freeman headed through for Burnley. Villa had hard-luck on two occasions, Dawson keeping a fine goal. Lindsay scored again for Burnley, and Ducat scored for Villa from a penalty. Interval—Aston Villa, 1; Burnley, 2.

On resuming Burnley had the best of matters for some time, and the home defence was hard pressed. Freeman scored a third goal for Burnley after twenty-two minutes with a fast shot. Villa had hard luck on two occasions, Dawson keeping a fine goal. Lindsay scored again for Burnley, and Ducat scored for Villa from a penalty. Interval—Aston Villa, 1; Burnley, 2.

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BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK

Suspense, fear, and anxiety for weeks have been the lot of many whose dear ones were detained in Germany when the war began. This brilliant narrative is related by a well-known author who obtained details for many of the exploits from a distinguished courier and Continental traveller of wide experience. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, this modern knight errant has brought joy to many British homes by conducting refugees through the lines of the enemy to the safety of our shores and their own homes.

A Desperate Mission.

"I'm going out there to bring her back!"

"You? You, Dick? But they'll never allow a British subject through."

"I don't care about their allowing me. If I can't get into Berlin—well, I'm a duffer, that's all. I'm going, Mr Remington, and I'm going to bring Ellice back with me."

Dick Carrick looked a fine young fellow standing there with his head thrown back, and old Remington, the wealthy engineer, held out his hand to him.

"Somehow or another I believe you'll succeed, my boy," he said. "But remember, you're risking your life."

"Pah! what does that matter? There's Ellice's life to be thought of, and if I do lose mine—well, I bet one or two Germans'll lose theirs first. Now I'm off."

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, meant every word he said.

His sweetheart, Ellice Remington, had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Unknown to Dick, Nardon Gaylor was in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities had received a mysterious code telegram announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by Herr Baumeister, the chief of the German spy organisation—a man whom Dick Carrick ran up against just after he arrived in Belgium.

Dick told Baumeister that he escaped from the British lines at Ostend, and, speaking in excellent German, pretended that he was Hans Fleischmann, and was attached to the spy department. His deception was discovered, however, and he was ordered to be hung at daybreak, but managed to escape from under the very nose of Baumeister.

At Cologne Dick again fell into the clutches of Baumeister, but again tricked his man, leaving the German bound and shut up in a cupboard. Disguised as an American, Dick afterwards actually travelled in the same carriage to Berlin.

Dick played his part well, and Baumeister had not the slightest idea he was talking to a Britisher. They chatted of many things on the way to Berlin—Baumeister in his almost perfect English, Dick in his strong American voice. Then, just before the train stopped at the platform of one of the principal stations in the big city, Dick wrote something quietly on a slip of paper torn from one of the newspapers that Baumeister had brought into the carriage with him, and before the train had really stopped he opened the carriage door, turning to Herr Baumeister as he did so.

"Many thanks for your hospitality," he said. "I guess it's been a real pleasure to travel with you."

And as he spoke he dropped into Baumeister's soft hat, which was lying crown downwards on the seat, the little slip of paper on which he had been writing. He did this quite unobserved, and then, with a hearty shake of the hand, jumped out of the train, and made his way quickly out of the station, laughing as he went.

"Ah!" he said to himself, drawing a long breath. "I know Berlin as well as I know London, so I'm fairly safe here. And now for the Bundenstrasse first as quickly as possible. My God, if that isn't Ellice! I'll swear it is!"

A taxi drove rapidly by, and in that moment Dick could have sworn he saw Ellice sitting back in one corner, with white, strained face, and by her side another woman. But as he looked, and before he could recover himself, the taxi had gone, was out of sight, though he sprinted after it as hard as he could.

And almost at the same moment Baumeister, after collecting his hand belongings, went to put on his hat, when he saw the piece of paper inside. He took it up, and read the words written in German—"How did you like being shut up in the cupboard, old man?"

And when he had read it through twice Baumeister's face flushed purple. He was a sharp, shrewd man, and something seemed to tell him that his travelling companion was the British spy, for that was what Baumeister had made up his mind the escaped man really was.

A Dilemma.

DICK had laughed to himself as he slipped out of the station into the crowd, thinking of Baumeister and the slip of paper he had left behind in the chief's hat.

It was a daring, reckless, almost foolish thing to jibe at Baumeister, but Dick was always a man who acted on the impulse of the moment, otherwise he would never have got through to Berlin as he had done. And so he chuckled to himself as he tried to picture Baumeister's face when he read the message left behind.

But the chuckle died away when he saw the can flash by with Ellice in the corner, and another woman whose face he could not recognise by her side. The pretty, dainty face looked so white, so strained. Even in that brief moment with the eyes of love he saw that she was worn, terrified at—at something.

So she was here in Berlin! Well, to know that was something achieved. He had seen her; he had seen his darling if only for a second. And impatiently, angrily, he cursed at a fat German who got in his way as he dashed round the corner to try and stop the cab, to try and catch it up.

"Get out of the way, can't you?" he yelled, forgetful for the moment of his assumed American accent. And in a second or two he was surrounded by a jostling, seething crowd of angry Germans.

"Englishman! Englishman! Englishman! Spy! Spy! Swine of an Englishman! Kill him! Hang him to the lamppost!"

Such were a few of the remarks that were hurled at Dick as a stout German held him closely by the collar.

"He's English, I know," shouted the fat man. "He swore at me in English. I was in London for many years. Yes, he's British."

He had backed Dick against a shop wall and was shaking him as he spoke. Dick's brain worked with lightning rapidity; he saw he was in a tight corner. The only thing to do was to try and bluff it out.

"Guess I speak English right enough," he said, looking at the fat man who still held him. "But I suppose there's somebody in this city of yours who can locate the difference between an Englishman and an American? Say you ain't got any trouble with America, have you?"

The fat man looked at him for a moment or two incredulously. Dick's frank look deceived him. Carrick saw that he was winning, and he smiled pleasantly.

"Best you tote me along to the American Embassy," he said, "and if they hand it out to you good and strong that I ain't an American, well, then, the trouble's mine. Only just you get it right into your skin that I may be American, and that if you start worrying me there ain't no telling where it would finish. That's handing out the goods right enough, isn't it?"

Slowly the fat German's hand descended from the coat collar to Dick's arm. He was still not quite certain, but he was going to leave nothing to chance.

"He says he's American," said the German, turning to his compatriots and speaking in his own language, "and I'm inclined to believe him, for he speaks like one. But he will have to prove it. We will take him to the American Embassy."

Dick drew a long breath of relief. He understood, of course, every word that had been spoken. He was reprieved. It was certain that he had at anyrate a chance now. Surely the American Ambassador wouldn't disown him—wouldn't make him prove to the satisfaction of the German that he was an American, which, of course, it would not be possible for him to do. Perhaps he could manage to escape on the way!

All these thoughts ran through Dick's mind as his eyes roved from side to side while his captors hurried him along to the American Embassy. Once inside there he would feel more safe. The ubiquitous Baumeister might already have sent out some of his men who came with him from Cologne to hunt for the impudent American impostor. If they came down upon him while he was a prisoner in the middle of this crowd all would be up.

At length they were in sight of the Embassy. The fat man, still holding his arm, walked him up the broad steps and inside the swing door which led to the principal rooms of the Embassy behind, where he was, of course, confronted by an attendant, who demanded to know his business.

"I desire to see the Ambassador," said the German, speaking in fairly good English. "This man here declares that he is an American; I suspect him to be a Britisher, an English spy. If he can prove that he is an American—if some one will answer for him—the Ambassador, or one of his subordinates, I will let him go. If not, he will go to jail, and then perhaps be hanged. But we do not wish to offend Americans, so if he is an American he can go."

"Oh, that is simply done, sir," said the attendant. "He has only to give his name and produce his passport, and we can ascertain from the register that he is one of our countrymen, and the matter is at an end. It is one upon which we need not trouble his Excellency."

The attendant was a suave, tactful man, who had been at the American Embassy for years, and those who got past him to the Embassy rooms proper must indeed have had important business.

"Your passport, sir?" he said quite politely to Dick. "Of course, you will understand that it is quite within order this chance application that you should be identified. In these times one has to put up with a great deal, but I can fix it up all right for you in a very few minutes."

He held out his hand to Dick as he spoke, but Carrick shook his head.

"I lost it," he said, still assuming the American slang. "Gee, can't my word be taken? I'm American right enough."

"Then your name, sir, and the address where you are at present staying. That will be quite sufficient. But I should advise your to get a fresh permit, not a passport, from his Excellency as soon as possible, as it isn't exactly safe just at present for even Americans to be abroad in Berlin without identification papers."

The fat German seemed to become a little suspicious here, and his grip tightened again on Dick's arm.

"Yes, your name and address," he said in his fair English to Dick. "If you're on the register as an American it's all right; we'll say nothing about the passport."

Here was a dilemma. A false step and he would be taken out of the Embassy and have to escape that still waiting crowd. He would be hauled off to jail, and then he would be in Baumeister's grip.

"I don't see why I should give my name and address to the first person who asks me for it," he said at length, trying to gain time, trying to think of some way out of the danger. "As an American citizen I demand to be taken before his Excellency so that I can lay my complaint before him in person. I've been assaulted by this man here, and a crowd of German dagoes are outside thirsting for my poor blood."

The attendant looked puzzled. Every man abroad has a right to a personal interview with his country's representative, especially in times of stress and danger. This man seemed to be an American; he spoke like one. Yes, it was perhaps his duty to take him before his Excellency.

"Very well, sir. I'll take you in," at length said the attendant.

"Yes, and I go too," put in the fat German. "It is nothing, except that I wish to be satisfied. These are times when one can't be too careful. This gentleman, if he is really an American, will not object, I am sure, eh?"

He looked close into Dick's face, who smiled back pleasantly at him.

"Object? Oh, no, of course not! Only too glad. Gee, I shall be glad when I'm quit of you, though." He spoke quite amiably. "You've ricked my collar; one or two of your ravening friends outside hit me under the ribs till I'm sore; and now you're bruising my arm. I wonder whether you've ever heard of moral and intellectual damage? I guess you're encouraging me to demand some sort of compensation."

"We'll see about compensation," said the German grimly. "I'll apologise when I find that you're an American, and then—well, you can think yourself lucky you weren't torn to pieces because you were even a little bit like an Englishman. Take us in, please."

At the American Embassy.

"Well, this is the limit," said Dick to himself. "I shall have to make a dash for it somehow. But how? I shouldn't know how to get out of this place!"

"Hallo, what's up here, Collier? Who are these?"

A young man, clean-shaven, well dressed, alert, with a quick, incisive way of speaking, came hurrying along the passage as the attendant was guiding Dick and the German to the business office of the Embassy, where the register of Americans could be inspected and Dick's bona fides proved or otherwise.

Collier, the attendant, briefly explained what was wanted, and as he was speaking the young man's eyes were looking Dick up and down. At length they rested fully on Dick's face, and Dick risked it—risked everything—and with the eye farthest away from the German, not caring whether the attendant saw him or not, he winked deliberately and meaningly at the young man.

"All right, I'll see to it," said the young man at length, looking back at Dick, and, to the latter's delight, winking in return.

"We never trouble His Excellency with these trivial matters," he went on to the German politely. "You wish this gentleman identified as an American? Come this way please."

"Gee, that's great; that's the way to set about it," broke in Dick. "We'll get this thing fixed up in less than two minutes, and then perhaps our friend Pumpernickel here, or whatever his delightful name is, will apologise."

"With the identification—yes, I apologise," said the German grimly. "If not—well, let us get on."

"That'll do, Collier, thank you. I'll look after this gentleman. This way, please," said the young man, taking Dick and the German into a neat, business-like office.

"Now, then, sir, first of all your passport," said the young man as he took down from a shelf a large ledger.

"I have already told my friend here, and the attendant outside, that I've lost it. It's kind of gone on a travel of its own somewhere. But I can give you my name. Sirus Q. Maydene, 642 Seventeenth Broadway, New York."

"Present address, and how long have you been in Berlin?"

"Well, if that ain't good! I've only just got here by the skin of my teeth somehow or another from Cologne! Gee, I thought they were going to blow the place up, with some of them English flying men coming right over the town. I'll get an address right enough if I'm left my skin."

"Um!" The young man examined the ledger. "Yes, we were notified from New York that a Mr Sirus Q. Maydene had been granted a passport, and that the Embassy here was, as usual, to render him, as an American citizen, every help in their power. Sorry you should have had any trouble, Mr Maydene, but of course in these times it can't be helped. Now, if you'll sit down I'll write out a permit. That will be all, I think."

The young man turned to the German.

"You're satisfied?"

"Satisfied? I'm perfectly satisfied, and I apologise to this gentleman here. But it was necessary. He will understand."

"If you stay in Berlin," he went on, turning to Dick, "I hope you'll honour me and my family with a visit. My card!" and so on. "Well, if that ain't the way to take it! That's just handsome, and I'll call on you with pleasure."

Dick stood up, shook hands with the German, who laid his card on the table, and then, after saying goodbye, left the room.

As soon as he had gone the young man turned to Dick, and, waiting for a second till the German would have got well away from the door outside, he said quietly—

"Now, what's the game? You're no more Mr Sirus Q. Maydene than I am, even if I am not a Britisher, and the only thing I could do to try and get out of this hole was to assume an American accent. Forgive the liberty. Now, listen—are we safe from being overheard here?"

For answer the young man went to the door, and turned the key in the lock.

"Go ahead with it," he said.

Rapidly Dick told all his tale from the time of his start from London on his search for Ellice right away down to his arrival in Berlin; and when he had finished the young man at the desk was laughing silently.

"Say, that's great, that's great!" he said. "I only wish I were in it with you. You've hoodwinked them right through. I'm glad it happened on you just in time. If you'd been taken before the boss it would have been all over with you. You see, he's just simply got to be neutral, and if you'd told him that Sirus Q. Maydene tale you'd have got it where the bottle got the cork, in the neck. He would have been just obliged to disown you, much as he would have hated doing it. For I can tell you"—he lowered his voice a little—"these sauerkraut people don't cut no ice with us. We don't like 'em, but we're neutral, and we've just simply got to be neutral.

"Speaking for myself, I'd always get the hunch to help an English-speaking person if I saw he wanted it—or she, as the case might be. And talking about she, you'll be wanting to get along and find that girl of yours. Well, if there's anything I can do in the future—unofficially, mind you—you count on me. Gee, I wish I was in it with you," he repeated.

"Sir," said Dick seriously, "you're a great big white man, that's what you are. You've saved my life, and if I can't say thank you properly—well, you know what I feel. But my heart was in my mouth when I gave you my name, and I wondered whether you would get on to the wink I gave you. The name wasn't in the book, of course?"

"I should smile," said the young man. "See, here's the supposed ledger of American citizens owning passports. Interesting, ain't it?"

Dick looked at the ledger which was held open for his inspection, and laughed as he saw that it was just simply a prosaic expenditure account. The fat German had taken it for granted that it was the official register, and was satisfied.

"I haven't the pleasure of your name, but I shall never forget it once I hear it," said Dick. And he meant what he said.

"Garton, Percival Garton, generally called Perry for short by my friends. I'm one of the junior secretaries here. I don't know whether I'm any good, but I manage to stick on and do a bit, I suppose. Now, if I may give you a tip, I should advise you to get some fresh sort of a disguise as soon as possible. Excuse me a moment. There's someone at the door."

Garton rose, opened the door and looked out, then shut it again, turning back to Dick with a startled face.

"Baumeister, the old geezer you spoonfed!" he said. "He's outside. I could see him standing at the end of the passage there, and he's sent in special word by Collier that he wants to see me. It's one of my jobs to attend to the Secret Police enquiries, and I just simply loathe it. But what in the blazes are we going to do about you? You can't get past him in the passage; there's no way out at the back; and if you got out of the window someone would be sure to see you, and it would look suspicious."

"Let me get into that cupboard there! That'll do," said Dick.

"Right you are! Slip in!"

He touched the bell and told the attendant to show Baumeister in, who at once plunged into his tale, which was of the alleged American who had travelled with him from Cologne to Berlin, leaving an insulting message behind in the chief's hat.

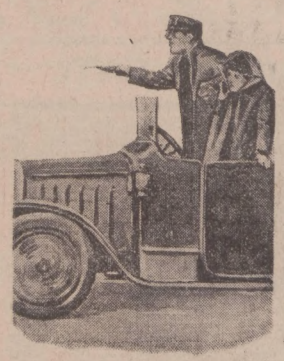
"He got into trouble directly he was outside the station; so I have already heard from my agents here," concluded Baumeister. "It must be the same man. It has been reported to me that a fair-haired American was brought here and identified, and that he has not yet left the building. Mr Garton, your country is neutral; your Ambassador must do nothing that is contrary to the interests of our country; that is understood, of course. You will oblige me therefore by telling me exactly what you know about this supposed American. Has he been identified here as an American citizen?"

Dick Carrick in the cupboard could almost hear his heart beating. Young Garton might get into serious trouble, might even almost help towards plunging his country into the midst of the war if he lied.

"Of course I know to what you are alluding, Herr Baumeister," said Garton. The conversation was carried on between the two in English, which Baumeister spoke perfectly. "Our agents may have seen a fat countryman of yours—pardon me, won't you, but he was fat—bringing in a man who spoke English, and declared himself to be an American. I identified him as a true American citizen, and that is all."

"Bravo, Perry Garton!" He had lied bravely. But Dick in his own heart thought that that would not satisfy Baumeister. It was cursedly unlucky that one of those wretched agents should have seen everything that had happened. A marvellous organisation they must be to be able to report things so soon, Dick thought.

"You identified him then?" said Herr Baumeister, and though Dick could not see him there seemed to be some sinister meaning in his voice. "Well, it occurs to me, Mr Garton, that you may have been unconsciously deceived. I am convinced the man is an impostor, so by virtue of my powers I shall take it upon myself to arrest him. Of course, no doubt you will instantly place all the resources of your Embassy to work to prove his innocence, and if he is innocent we shall, of course, apologise, and if compensation is necessary it shall of course be his. If he is not innocent then, Mr Garton, you will be freed from any complications that might be brought about by an im-



postor. Thank you for your usual courtesy. I hope His Excellency is well.

"Oh, by the way Mr Garton, I may as well tell you—I am sure you will not mind—that every exit from your Embassy is watched; though there is no exit from the back, my men are there as well. We know this man has not yet left the building, so sooner or later he must come out. Of course it is only outside that my men are posted, you understand. I could not violate your Embassy building.

"Mr Garton," Baumeister took a step nearer the table, "we've got to have that man. He's an impostor, and as sure as I stand here he's a spy, an English spy. We've got to have him, and when we get him we'll hang him as sure as I stand here. I wish you good day."

A Daring Scheme.

The door closed behind Baumeister. Dick heard the door click in the lock as Garton secured it, and then Dick stepped out from the cupboard into the room.

"I'm afraid I've got you into trouble," gasped Dick. "If this gets to the ears of the Ambassador, as it seems to me it must, what a terrible bother there'll be. I'm sorry, so sorry. I'll walk straight out now and chance it. I suppose you haven't got such a thing as a revolver that you could lend me, have you? I should like to make a fight for it."

"Wait, wait a minute," said Garton. "D'you think I'm going to give you up? That skunk Baumeister is dangerous I know, and I think he suspects something. But, my God, I'm not going to see you hanged by these pickle-sodden Germans and I don't suppose you want your neck stretched just yet, do you? Besides, there's the girl to think of, too. We've got to get you out of the building somehow. Out by the back is no good! that would land you at once, for you'd only be able to get out by a window. Out by the front is no good either. I know what these secret police are; they'll never let go their grip round this building till they've got you. Baumeister will have me watched too.

"But, I say, there's one bit of luck in it, and that is that all this business with the Secret Police comes in my department, and the boss never hears anything about it. All correspondence is sent to me; all interviewers on Secret Police matters are sent to me. If Baumeister went straight to the boss and complained that he thought I was playing a double game he would just be referred straight back to me. The boss just trusts us and never interferes."

"Well, I'll get out before that happens," said Dick, gritting his teeth, "and then all you'll have to say is that you've never set eyes on me since, and it'll be their trouble to find me. But how, how, how am I to get out?"

"Get into that cupboard again for a second—you never know where those police are watching from—and I'll have a look at the front and see if what old Baumeister said is right."

"It's quite right," said Perry Garton when he came back. "They're all round the place. I know their games. We can't clear them off the pavement, for that's their property; in here you know they would be trespassing on American ground."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute; let's think, let's think!" said Dick. "How many men would there be at the back?"

"There are only two. There's not much space at the back of the building, and two could easily nab any man who got out of a window—the only way you could possibly get out at the back."

"All right! Have a look and find out if you can see any of Baumeister's men, will you, there's a good chap?"

Dick crouched away out of sight, and Garton threw open the window, which was covered at the bottom with a thin, almost transparent blind, so that the room could not be overlooked from the outside.

"Yes, there are two of them. I can see them from here," said Garton out of the side of his mouth. "They are at the opposite side of the street. They've just saluted me. I know both of 'em. They've often been here on business. You couldn't get out this way, or any other way as far as I can see."

"I know, I know!" Dick suddenly rubbed his hands with glee. "There is a way out; but, old chap, it seems like taking a liberty. I wonder whether I dare suggest what I've got in my mind?"

"Go on, fire ahead!"

"Your man, your attendant outside, Collier."

"Yes, what of him?"

"He's my height; he's got fair hair. If I could only slip out in his clothes I'll bet anything I could get away. Those men won't know me by sight, and I should be all right. And your jolly great kindness could never get you into trouble either, for it would take off the very slightest suspicion from you that old Baumeister might have. But it seems rather sacrilege, you know, all the same, to be playing about with an Embassy like this, for that's what we're doing—at least what I'm doing."

"What's the scheme? What's the scheme? I say, this is almost as good as being at the front. I wish to goodness I was there. Look here, don't you bother about the Embassy; this old place can look after itself all right. The boss has got a way of asserting our rights that stops any inquisitiveness. What's your idea?"

"Wait a minute! Let me wash off some of this paint first. Away go the dark eyebrows and the high colour. Now, a slight touch of powder and a little line or two with this stick of paint, and I don't think I shall be unlike friend Collier. I don't forget a face once I have seen it."

That was one of Dick's gifts—a remarkable memory for faces and voices. He rapidly washed in the little portable wash-hand stand in the corner, and then from his pocket produced a little collection of grease paints, the same as are used by actors, and a powder-puff, all of which he had bought in Cologne. And with a line here, a little touch there, and a slight stoop of his shoulders, he looked if not exactly like Collier at anyrate not so unlike him but that at a distance he might have been taken for the attendant himself.

"This is the chimney, isn't it? Leads up from the fireplace? Rather strange to have a fireplace in a German house, isn't it?"

"Yes. It originally belonged to an Englishman who couldn't stand stoves. But what about the chimney?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. The first thing is—is your man Collier a sport? Would he lend himself to a game like this?"

"I should think he would! He's an Englishman by birth though he's a naturalised American, and he hates the Germans like poison. He's told me more than once that was as much as he could do to be civil to any of them."

"Right ho! Then let's have him in here, if you don't mind, and I'll tell him the idea."

"Would I help?" said Collier when things had been explained to him by Dick and young Garton, who told him that Dick was really a Britisher trying to escape from the clutches of Baumeister. "Anything to do these sausages in. What do you want me to do, sir?"

"Well, look here," said Dick. "Mr Garton will be going out directly. When he goes he sends you in here from the hall to fetch something, or to see to some papers—any excuse like that. And no sooner are you inside than you are set upon by a fair-haired man of about your own size—that's myself—who overpowers you, ties you in a chair, takes your official coat and your official cap from you, and then walks out. Afterwards signs of a struggle are found in the room, and from the evidence it appears that the said man—that is, myself—must have come down the chimney. The intelligent audience will notice here the signs of soot, &c."

Dick took Garton's walking-stick from the corner where it lay with his hat—for this was his office—put it up the chimney, pulled down much soot, which he scattered about near the fireplace, and then again looked up the chimney to see if it were possible for a grown man to come down it.

"Yes, that's all right; I could just get down that,' he said. "Now, you understand what to do when you come back, don't you, Collier? I'm getting rather expert at binding and gagging; this will be the second go I've had—only I fancy I hurt Baumeister, and I shan't hurt you, Collier. Got any cord about anywhere?"

"I can bring some in with me, sir," grinned Collier. "But, Mr Garton, sir, it might get us into trouble, mightn't it? It might cost me my place. And what about the reputation of the Embassy?"

"Good, faithful Collier," said Garton. "But don't you worry about that. The secret police never act publicly, and none of their doings ever get out; their motto really is secrecy. If Baumeister finds out he's been spoofed he'll never open his mouth about it; he'll just grin and bear it. He daren't even go to our boss, who would just look at him coldly and say—'Go and see Mr Garton, will you?' Now you want me to clear out really, do you? What's your name? Is isn't Maydene, of course. Carrick? Carrick; all right. Well, I say, as far as is compatible with my position here let me take a hand with you in anything that's going on. Gad, this has been one of the times of my life. And I say, good luck to finding the girl too, you know."

Garton put on his hat, took up his stick, and disappeared, Collier having been sent out beforehand.

Gaylor in Berlin.

"Mr Garton has gone, sir," said Collier reappearing.

"He saw some of those spy fellows watching him from the other side of the road. Bless you, I get to know 'em. They're always nosing round here."

"First of all we'll just upset a chair gently to show that there was a little bit of a struggle," said Dick. "Then I strip off your livery, coat, and vest and take your silk hat with the gold band round it. These articles I put on after removing my own coat and vest. Fortunately my trousers are dark like yours. Then I tie you in the chair, Collier, gag you—you brought the cord, eh? Ah, yes, that's kind and thoughtful of you—and then—well, I send Herr Baumeister to look at you. And mind you tell him a good and circumstantial tale about the fair man who came down the chimney, knocked you over, and then tied you in the chair."

Collier, with difficulty restraining his laughter, was in a few seconds deftly tied up in one of the chairs and gagged, and Dick put on the uniform, coat, and vest, and the silk hat. Then a thought struck him, and sitting down at Garton's desk with one eye on the door he scribbled something on a scrap of paper, which he thrust in a conspicuous position through the cord which bound Collier. Then he took up the card which the fat German had left on the table and put it in his pocket.

"Well, goodbye, Collier," he said to Collier, who was trying to say something through his gag. "You've been a true Briton, and I shan't forget you in a hurry."

And with the slow, almost official walk adopted by the suave, placid Embassy attendant, Dick, in the livery coat and vest, and wearing the silk hat with the gold band round it, walked slowly along the passage, down the steps of the building, and out into the street.

Carrick could feel the eyes of the police agents opposite watching him, and he took care to keep his face turned sideways so that they should not get too full a view of him. He sauntered along slowly as if on an unimportant errand, and then when he was round the corner he walked into a telephone box, took up the receiver, and asked for the nearest police station, no number being required.

"Can you deliver a message for Herr Baumeister?" he asked in perfect German when he got a reply. "Thank you. Then will you please tell him that something of importance is awaiting him in Mr Garton's office at the American Embassy, and there is a message for him there too?"

"And now," said Dick to himself, "I must see that Herr Baumeister doesn't get his fingers on me again in a hurry, for there is Ellice, Ellice! I must find her. She's here in Berlin, that's certain. Yes, I must find her. But first of all I must get rid of these clothes somehow. They're not out of place a few yards away from the Embassy, but I can't walk about all day in them; they'd give me away. But wait! They may be useful; they may help me to find Ellice. Baumeister's office? I wonder where it is? I know; I'll go and ask Herr Rudenbaum! I thought his card might come in useful."

Dick was walking along very slowly, his head bent, thinking, but now his mind was made up as to what to do. He put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out the card which the fat German had left in Garton's office, and saw that on it was the business and private address of Herr Rudenbaum, who was a wine merchant.

"I'll go to his business address, and if he isn't there I'll go to his private one," he said to himself.

"Oh, pardon; I beg your pardon," he went on, suddenly speaking aloud in German as he bumped into a man who was walking briskly in the opposite direction. "I beg your pardon," he repeated again as the man uttered some angry words.

And then Dick broke into a prolonged sneeze, which caused him to turn on one side holding his handkerchief to his face. He sneezed and sneezed again till the man had turned the corner.

"Great Scott," said Dick to himself, stuffing his handkerchief back into his pocket, "if he had seen me he would have recognised me at once. Now, I wonder what brings Friend Gaylor here to Berlin? This complicates things a bit, I imagine. Well, now for Herr Rudenbaum, and then for Herr Baumeister. But first of all I must have a gun."

Dick still had plenty of the money left which he had annexed from the bank in Cologne, and he went into a gunsmith's and asked for a revolver. The shopman shook his head; he couldn't supply one without a permit.

"But can't you see that I come from the American Embassy?" said Dick, pointing to his liveried coat and buttons. "It's for his Excellency. I don't think you'd like it to go to America that the American Ambassador was prevented from buying the means of self-protection in these dangerous times, would you?"

"Of course not, of course not, mein herr!" was the immediate reply, for strictest notice had been promulgated that all Americans were to be treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

In a few seconds Dick was out of that shop with a neat, useful revolver in his hip pocket.

"And now," he said to himself, and his face was grim, "I'll have Ellice out of hiding, wherever she is, in less than twenty-four hours if I have to shoot Herr Baumeister and every cursed spy in Berlin."

Dick is going to see this thing through, but he will require to keep all his wits about him in order to rescue Ellice. Next week's chapters are packed with stirring incidents.

THE FIGHTING QUALITIES OF THE DREADNOUGHT.

Why the Battleship Still Remains the Arbiter of the Sea.

ALTHOUGH we are the greatest naval Power in the world, and our navy in this time of war holds supreme command of the seas, we as a people have not the knowledge of the ships that constitute our shield that a maritime nation should have.

We hear people often gauging the size of a ship by its funnels. Nothing could be more fatuous. Again, we hear the terms torpedo and torpedo boat used in such a way as to imply that both are one and the same. Such, of course, is nonsensical, a torpedo being the projectile fired from submarine, torpedo boat, or other ship. And then there is just another little mistake we are apt to fall into. We talk loosely about a man being on a ship; what we mean is that he is in a ship.

There has been a good deal of irresponsible controversy lately regarding the value of the Dreadnought type of battleship. The recent successes of rival submarines have made nervous folks somewhat jumpy, but it has been proved fairly conclusively that the submarine is neither invisible, invincible, nor invulnerable, and it will take more conclusive proof than that which has been already furnished us by the incidents of this war to convince us that the functions of the battleship have been rendered nugatory.

At anyrate, an incident recorded this week indicates that the Government of the United States have no intention of scrapping their battleships and relying only on submarines and aircraft. For they have just commissioned the building of two super-Dreadnoughts which will lick—on paper—anything in the same line possessed by ourselves. These ships will cost £3,000,000 each, and will be armed with 14-inch guns.

The Arbiter of the Sea.

The battleship is still the arbiter of the sea, so we can dismiss any doubts we had on that score. More Dreadnoughts than submarines have been and are being built, although twenty to thirty submarines can be obtained for the price of one Dreadnought. These great units of naval warfare cost from two to two and a half million pounds each, battleships and battle cruisers alike — for battle-cruisers are so armed now that it is difficult to differentiate between them, the latter, however, being superior in speed.

It is interesting to recall that it was the United States which first planned out a Dreadnought, and Japan which first laid one down. If we were backward in hitting upon this particular type of ship, we made up for it by our rapid construction and constant improvements on the original type.

Some idea of the magnitude of a Dreadnought may be gathered from the number of her decks. She has a flying deck, boat deck, battery deck, main deck, lower deck, armoured deck, and double bottom flat. A switchboard room, controlling some 300 keys for telephonic communication with every part of the vessel, is one of the sights of a Dreadnought, while the coal bunks are capable of storing 2500 tons. And here it might be mentioned that the modern Dreadnought consumes about 18 tons of coal per hour when going at full speed, at a cost of £14.

BRITISH AND GERMAN FLEETS AT A GLANCE.

The superiority of the British Fleet over the German is overwhelming, as the following figures show:—

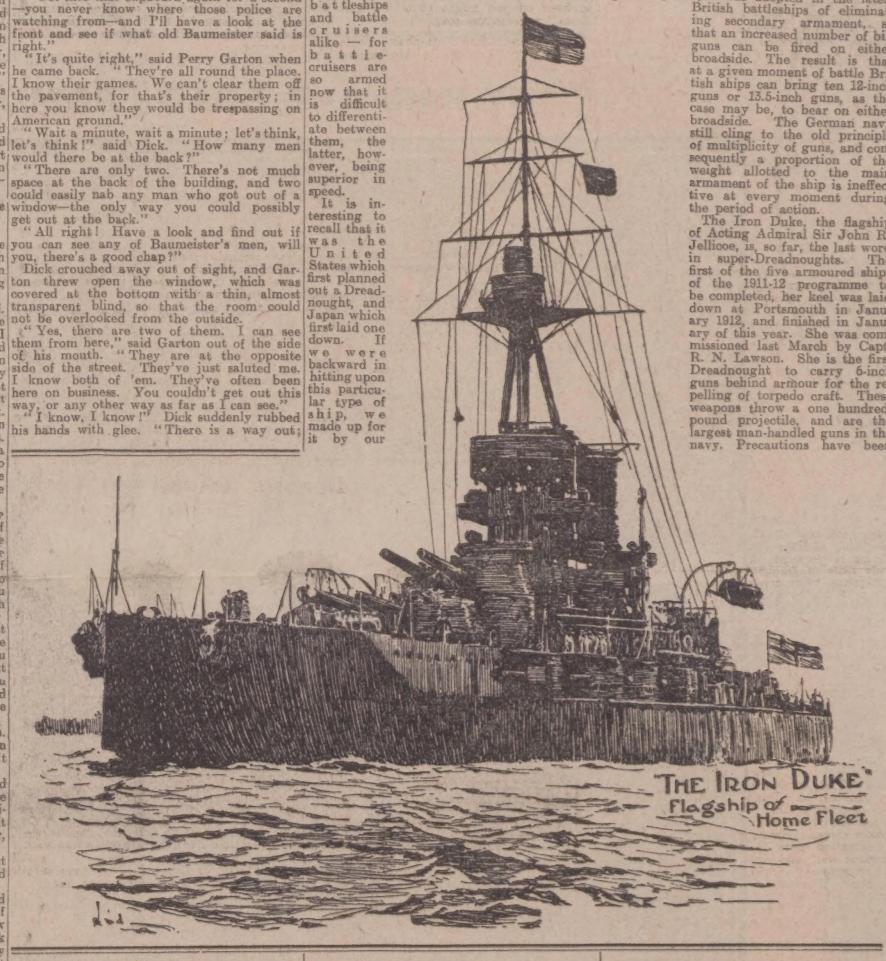
	British.	German.
Super-Dreadnoughts,	12	0
Super-Dreadnought cruisers,	3	0
Dreadnoughts,	10	15
Dreadnought cruisers,	5	5
Pre-Dreadnoughts,	40	22
Armoured cruisers,	34	8
Protected cruisers,	16	6
Fast light cruisers,	72	37
Torpedo destroyers,	225	152
Torpedo boats,	109	45
Submarines,	75	30

Our Super-Dreadnoughts.

Their armour is from 6 in. to 12 in. in thickness on their sides, and one or two steel decks are from 1 in. to 4 in. in thickness. They are also armoured internally against topedo attack. The super-Dreadnoughts are mounted with ten 13.5-inch guns—the largest afloat—and the majority of other Dreadnoughts carry ten 12-inch guns. (Two new super-Dreadnoughts due for delivery this month will carry 15-inch guns.) Some time ago the principle was adopted in the latest British battleships of eliminating secondary armament, so that an increased number of big guns can be fired on either broadside. The result is that at a given moment of battle British ships can bring ten 12-inch guns or 13.5-inch guns, as the case may be, to bear on either broadside. The German navy still clings to the old principle of multiplicity of guns, and consequently a proportion of the weight allotted to the main armament of the ship is ineffective at every moment during the period of action.

The Iron Duke, the flagship of Acting Admiral Sir John R. Jellicoe, is, so far, the last word in super-Dreadnoughts. The first of the five armoured ships of the 1911-12 programme to be completed, her keel was laid down at Portsmouth in January 1912, and finished in January of this year. She was commissioned last March by Capt. R. N. Lawson. She is the first Dreadnought to carry 6-inch guns behind armour for the repelling of torpedo craft. These weapons throw a one hundred-pound projectile, and are the largest man-handled guns in the navy. Precautions have been taken to protect the vessel against overhead attack from dirigibles and aeroplanes, and she has, for example, two twelve-pounder guns on high angle mountings. Her main armament is ten 13.5-inch guns of the latest kind. She can use up ammunition at the rate of about £10,000 a minute. She is 620 feet long, nearly 100 feet longer than the original Dreadnought.

The 13.5-inch gun fires a projectile of 1250 pounds. There are 124 of them in the fleet in home waters—100 in battleships and 24 in battle cruisers. The 12-inch gun is capable of hurling a mass of steel, weighing 900 lbs., at such a pace that it would pass clean through a slab of wrought iron 3 ft. thick. The shot leaves one of these great guns at the rate of about 3000 ft. per second, and to such great perfection has automatic loading of the guns been brought that two rounds per minute can be fired from each gun.



The Fighting Qualities of the Cruiser.

Passing from the Dreadnought to the cruiser, we find that there are two kinds of cruiser—"armoured" and "protected." A modern armoured cruiser is as already stated, almost equivalent in fighting value to a battleship. It, indeed, has great fighting qualities. It can push home a reconnaissance, can bring up the laggards in a chase, and thus bring on a desired general action, and, owing to its superior speed—28 knots an hour in the latest types—it can be ready as a fast wing of the main fleet, and furnish a ready weapon of concentration on an enemy's line where such additional weight might determine victory.

The armoured cruiser is so called because of the thick belt of armour on its sides. It has also a steel protective deck. A protected cruiser has no side armour, but relies for protection against gun-fire on a steel protective deck. This deck varies from 4 in. to 5 in. in thickness, is flat on the top, and slopes down to below the water-line at both ends and sides. Her coal bunkers are also arranged for protective purposes, 2 ft. of coal being about equal to 1 in. of armour. Protected cruisers, however, are only used as scouts to the battle squadron, against small craft, or for commerce-destroying.

The Mosquito Craft.

Torpedo destroyers are stronger and faster than the torpedo boats, and their function is to protect the battleships from attack by torpedo boats. The latter were wont to be thought the invisible craft of the navy, creeping about at night and discharging their deadly torpedoes at the enemy's large vessels. Now submarines are proving even more insidious.

With the view of safeguarding ships of the line from mimute attack, we have evolved a new class of swift destroyer-destroyer, the first of which was recently launched by the Fairfield Company. She is one of eight similar vessels ordered under the 1912-13 programme; is 410 ft. long, 39 ft. broad, and has a displacement of 3500 tons. Turbine machinery of 30,000 horse-power is disposed on four shafts, and the speed expected is not less than 36 knots. Steam is generated in Yarrow water-tube boilers fired with oil fuel; the armament consists of 6-inch quick-firing guns, which are generally acknowledged to be the most effective weapons for the destruction of destroyers. The vessels are lightly armoured for a considerable portion of their length, the protection being 2 inches or 3 inches in thickness, sufficient to resist the attack of guns usually fitted to destroyers. These ships, which were described by the First Lord of the Admiralty as "the smallest, cheapest, and fastest vessels protected by vertical armour ever projected for the British Navy," are just the type demanded for adequate protection of a fleet of battleships; they can be eyes and ears to the main body, and are both strong enough and fast enough to overhaul and destroy the present class of destroyers, for their size will enable them to keep the sea and maintain a high rate of steaming when smaller vessels must necessarily reduce their speed.

The overwhelming superiority of the British Fleet in every type of vessel, as shown in the tabulated statement given above, should inspire us with every confidence in our ability to retain for us the honour of "mistress of the seas" which we have held—we can say it without egotism—so long and so worthily.

What Our Fleet Has Achieved.

True, we have not yet fought any big action. We have not been given the opportunity. But Britain to-day is carrying on her industry and commerce almost as if the greatest war in history were not being waged. And Germany, as a commercial nation, is at a standstill. Her ships lie bottled up in harbour everywhere. They dare not put to sea for fear of being made prizes of war. The German Fleet was built surely to protect German commerce! We know how it has fulfilled its purpose. We know that the British Fleet has not only pulverised her enemy's great maritime trade, but has compelled her proud fleet to remain in safety behind the forts of Heligoland, from whence, as Mr Churchill has so tersely said, they may have to be "dug out like rats in a hole."

To-day we are living comfortably, with food abundant and cheap, and with a sense of security that dire threats of Zeppelin invasions cannot easily dissipate. All these advantages we possess to-day because our ships and our men are keeping relentless watch and guard over the world's seas.

Our Jolly Jack Tars.

It is well that our sailors have a reputation for optimism and buoyancy of spirits, for their lot in these days is no enviable one. The "jolly Jack Tar," in the stripped ships of the North Sea, must often be feeling quite the reverse of happy, although he doubtless goes about his duties with the cheerfulness of a Mark Tapley.

There is a fine spirit of camaraderie between naval officers and men. Major Drury, the "Kipling of the Navy," says in one of his characteristic y

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1914.

TOMMY'S HASTY TOILETTE.

In camp before getting into the fighting lines, Tommy Atkins is very domesticated, and gets all the comfort he can.

THE RUSH FROM OSTEND AND GHENT.

Wounded on the jetty at Ostend waiting to be taken on board the boat.

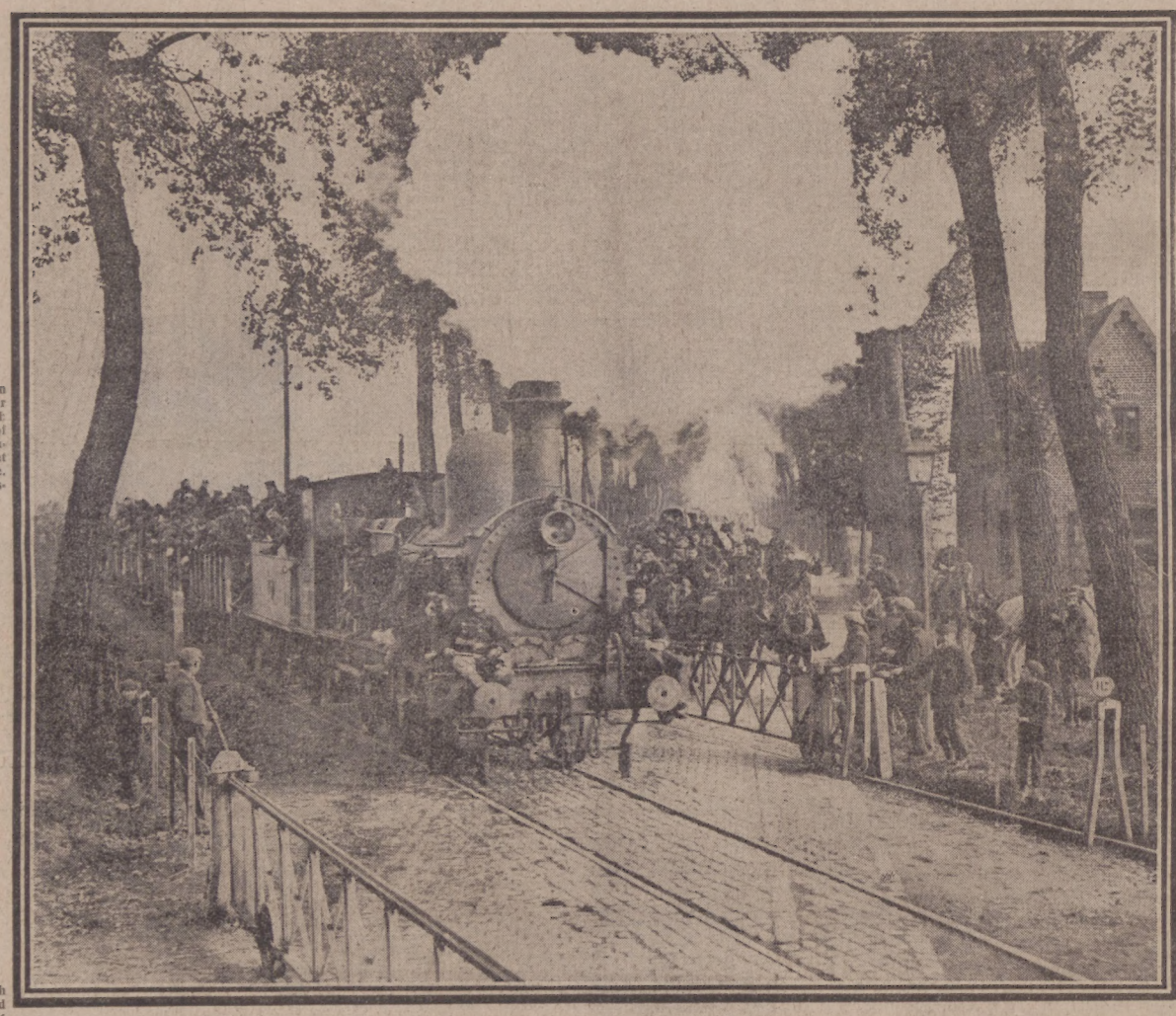
THE LEGION OF HONOUR!

Lieut. Dawes, of the Royal Flying Corps, who has been decorated with the Legion of Honour for his daring operations. Lieut. Dawes (marked with a x) has just descended from a flight. The other figure is Major Burke. Both officers are well known at Montrose Aviation Station.

FORWARD, THE DRAGOONS!

Second Lieutenant Roger J. H. Chance, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who has been recommended for the Legion of Honour for gallantry in the charge at Audregmes, near Mons. Although only 21 years of age, Lieut. Chance bravely led a company of Dragoon Guards in a charge against unbroken German infantry and artillery, and he had a narrow escape, a bullet hitting him on the collar badge, which probably saved his life. He is the son of Mr G. H. Chance, ex-High Sheriff of Worcestershire.

BY RAIL AND ROAD FROM ANTWERP.



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A trainful of soldiers retiring from Antwerp passing the railway crossing at Maldegem, near Bruges. Belgian cavalry retiring from Antwerp by road are held up by the closed gates.

MAN WHO WRECKED ZEPPELIN.

Lieut. R. L. G. Marx, the intrepid airman, who dropped a bomb on the Dusseldorf airship shed, destroying a Zeppelin. Flames were observed 500 feet high, the result of igniting the gas of the airship. The other officers taking part were Squadron Commander D. L. Spenser Grey, R.N., and Lieut. S. V. Sippe, and they took care not to drop bombs on defenceless citizens or their homes.

LADY FRENCH.

While her distinguished husband is directing the British forces in the battle-line, Lady French is visiting the wounded in London hospitals, and is taking an active part in forwarding comforts to the troops from her depot in Beauchamp Place, London, S.W. Sir John and Lady French were married in 1880.

LADY JELLICOE.

Lady Jellicoe on shore is anxiously looking after the welfare of the navymen, who are proud to claim her gallant husband as their Commander-in-Chief. Admiral and Lady Jellicoe were married in 1902 She is a daughter of Sir Charles Cayzer, Bart. of Kinpurnie Castle, Forfarshire, and her sister is the wife of Vice-Admiral C. E. Madden, Chief of Staff to Sir John Jellicoe.

FOR KING AND EMPIRE!

Some of our smart mounted Indian warriors on the march in France. With their unique dress and accoutrements they have excited the wonder and admiration of the French people.

TRIED AND TRUSTED

Our friend General Botha, Premier of the Union of South Africa, who has rallied all ranks and races in South Africa to maintain British supremacy, and has himself taken supreme command of the operations against the Germans and the rebel commando under Maritz.

TROPHIES OF WAR.

Our picture shows Belgians who have passed into Holland displaying German trophies which they obtained possession of before leaving the battlefields of Belgium.

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